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Yours always,
L. Virginia French.

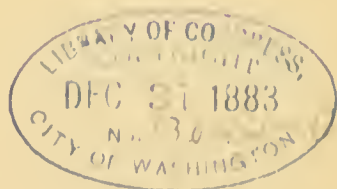
ONE OR TWO?

BY

TWO SISTERS.

Was

Was.



ST. LOUIS, MO.
MERIWETHER, BROS.,
1883.

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11-1-11

L. VIRGINIA FRENCH,
LIDE MERIWETHER.

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BOOK FIRST.

ERRATA.

Page 9. For the period in the title "One or Two," read interrogation mark.

Page 41—third stanza—for "from" read "upon" and for "every" read "each."

Page 64—first stanza—for "strand" read "sand."

Page 62—third stanza—for "heap" read "head."

Page 81—fifth stanza—for "ameola" read "aureola."

Page 85—first stanza of "Dead on the Field"—for "haunting" read "floating."

Page 135—third stanza—for "cave" read "cane." Fourth stanza—for "cane" read "cave."

Page 271—fifth stanza—for "*forest*" read "*frost*."

Page 210—fifth stanza—for "quaint" read "gaunt."

ONE OR TWO.

L. V. F.

Are we one, my sister, dearest ?

One or two, my azure-eyed,
Sunny-hearted gipsy, fairest

Little laughter-loving Lide ?
Like the fabled "Star" and "Stella"

To the morn and even sun,
Don't you think, sweet Zingarella,
That our spirits are but one ?

Blending brightly, shall we frame them
Into Spring's æolian tune ?

Or disparting softly, name them
Laughing May and Smiling June ?
As the sunshine and the shower
That, in flashing jewels, run
Through one golden April hour,
So our spirits are but one.

Joy, to them, is like the springing
Of the birdling's choral swell,
Sweetly wild, and softly ringing
With a chiming matin bell ;
And when round them sadly linger
Shadows of the lovely flown,
Sorrow's stained and tear-dewed finger
Writes upon them : "Ye are one."

Long ago our gentle mother
Sought the sunny spirit-land,
And we never had a brother ;
So we wander hand in hand,
Through life's labyrinthine mazes,
Where to guide us there are none ;
Yet amid its thousand phases,
Still our spirits are but one.

Smile, my love ! the great All-seeing
Is our Father, and we bow
To the land that gave us being,
As our noble mother now ;
Pillared flame and cloud before us
Through the wilderness begun,
They shall journey, watching o'er us,
That our spirits may be one.

I have often thought, if only
I might pass from earth with you,
That our hearts would ne'er be lonely,
If, in Heaven, we were but two ;
But a deeper bliss is given
Us, to know : our mission done,
As on earth, so in the Heaven,
Shall our spirits be but one.

L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

L. M.

I assume, reluctantly, the duty of giving to the readers of this book, a short sketch of the earth life of my twin spirit, who has passed over to the other shore.

From our earliest childhood we were, in all our tastes, aims, habits, and pursuits, so completely *one*, that to write in eulogy of her, seems like self-praise. Strangers could pass more correct judgment upon her mental power than one so closely allied; therefore, I will give only plain facts regarding her life, and quote from others, when speaking of the estimate placed upon her mind and heart. The *Nashville Courier*, announcing her death, says:

“Her maiden name was Smith. She was born on the eastern shore of Virginia, in March, 1825, being descended from leading families of that State, and of Pennsylvania. Her maternal grandfather, Colonel Thomas Parker, whose country seat was her birthplace, was an officer of the Revolutionary army. Her literary talent was first shown during her school days, which were passed at Washington, Pennsylvania. In 1848, after their graduation, she and her sister began, at Memphis, the conduct of a school. Miss Smith contributed over the *nom de plume* of “*L’Inconnue*,” numerous articles to newspapers and magazines, both North and South, which gained her marked distinction. In 1852, she engaged, with others, in the publication of the *Southern Ladies’ Book*, at New Orleans. It was while in charge of this magazine that a poem from her pen attracted the attention of Colonel John H. French, a wealthy and estimable Tennessee

gentleman, and led to their first meeting, in a most romantic manner, and finally culminated, in January, 1853, in their happy marriage. They began life together, at Forest Home, near McMinnville, Tennessee, a most lovely and picturesque spot, and the homestead of the French family. Here they remained throughout the twenty-eight years of their wedded life; and here much of Mrs. French's literary labor was performed."

In 1856, she published her first volume of poems, entitled "Wind Whispers." Later in the same year, she published a tragedy in five acts, entitled "Litalilxa, the Lady of Tula," the scene of which is laid in Mexico, before its conquest by Cortez. Between this and the year 1872, when her first novel was published, she was actively engaged as Literary Editor of several newspapers and magazines; among them, the *Atlanta Constitution*, *Nashville Patriot*, *Ladies' Home Gazette*, *McMinnville Enterprise*, *Rural Sun*, and others; to which she contributed largely and with great ability. In 1872, her first novel, "My Roses," was published, by Claxton, Remson & Co., Philadelphia; and in 1879, her last work, entitled "Darlingtonia," was published in the *Detroit Free Press*. Many spicy sketches, beautiful poems, and several long serial stories, still remain unpublished. If I do not go over to her quickly, I hope to give them to the world before I again see her face, "to go out no more, forever;" and to this end I consecrate what remains to me of life.

Speaking of her work and worth, the *Nashville American* says:

"The recent death of L. Virginia French has left a void among the literary celebrities of our State. Aside from her value as an author, her loss is most severely felt in the social circle, and in every lofty enterprise of Church, or State, or charity suited to the sphere of woman. The world has never parted company with a nobler, brighter spirit. Always ready and obliging, her cheerful genius never hesitated to respond to any demand when great thoughts were wanted to give impulse or ornament to a public cause. And whether that cause concerned the glory of Christ's kingdom on earth, the material progress of the country that she loved, or the gentle charities that sweeten the chalice of poverty or affliction, her genius wrought

its ready wonders, for all alike, with an alacrity and success that looked like inspiration. She has been a prolific writer, both of poetry and prose, but we have seen nothing from her fertile and facile pen, even from her girlhood's first offerings at the shrine of song, that did not have upon it the royal stamp of genius. Indeed, her talents were of a lofty type, and many of her finer utterances will be crystallized among the *verba memoralia* of the age in which she lived. She was a native of Virginia, but for many years has lived at the beautiful home, near McMinnville, Tennessee, where she died. Her husband and three children survive her: one son and two daughters. The son, Walter Scott French, is quite a promising young business man at Chattanooga. Her accomplished daughters, Jessie and May, have already given earnest of a rich hereditament of genius under the treacherous *pseudonym*, respectively, of "Blondine" and "Brownie." At home, where greatness is always first accredited and best appreciated, Mrs. French was but little less than an idol. When the life of this gifted woman shall be truthfully written, our poor humanity will have the best of occasion to plume itself, no less upon the achievements of her genius than the simple annals of the ingleside where she made all so bright and happy about her."

Although her health had been frail for several months, her last illness was short. I was telegraphed upon the first appearance of danger, but reached her too late for any recognition, save one feeble pressure of her hand, and one long, conscious, loving look. I give, in the words of her daughter, her last intelligible words: "It was the last time the little earth-spark glimmered, to tell us she was still with us. The room was darkened, and the doctor said to me: 'Raise the curtains, a little change may rouse her.' I did so; she raised herself up, looked full at me, and smiled. I knew it was the last—there was too much of heaven in it—but I smiled, hoping to encourage her; and she said, looking out of the window past me: 'Oh! it is the Light; the beautiful Light!' From the expression of her face, and tone of her voice, I knew all was over. I could almost see her feet touching the far off shore."

She passed over to the other side, on the night of March 31st, 1881.

I can, in no way, more fitly close this sketch than by quoting her own words, written to soothe the bereavement of others. The little poem was written, as word consolation, for the children of one of her beloved friends, who had passed from earth to heaven; but illustrates her own noble life so truly, that I give it, with no other title than,

"ARUN 28th,"

the birthday of her oldest daughter, and also the day upon which, "in the dust of our hearts, we laid her away."

Buried to-day, the true and loving mother,
 The heart that beat responsive to our own;
 We start, we pause, we gaze at one another,
 Then, wondering, ask: "Can she indeed be gone?"
 Vanished the gentle smile by which she won us
 Ever to duty's path; and must we say,
 Of all the love and truth she lavished on us,
 We buried it to-day?

Buried to-day, the kind and generous neighbor,
 Never forgetful of those counsels sweet
 That comfort stricken ones, and with her labor
 Smoothed the path for other tired feet;
 Aiding through every dark and painful hour,
 Soothing with soft and unobtrusive sway;
 And must we say of all this gentle power;
 We buried it to-day?

Buried to-day, the noble-hearted woman,
 Living by that high faith to angels given;
 Blending in all her life the truly human
 With something less of earth and more of heaven,
 Faithful and steadfast in her consecrations
 To Duty, striving meekly to obey,
 And can we say of this grand commendation,
 We buried it to-day?

Not so, not so ! Though sorrowing and lonely,
We comprehend her pure and perfect peace ;
We understand the life that served God only,
Looking to Him alone for its release ;
And when Death's gentle summons to surrender
Was as sweetly answered, let none say,
Of such example—lofty, simple, tender—
We buried it to-day ?

Not so, not so ! When such a lovely story
As that of her sweet life on earth appears
It crowns all womanhood with gentle glory,
And when it fades there is no room for tears,
The good her life has wrought will perish never ;
And though the worker may be laid away
To her last rest, the work remains forever,
Nor crumbles with the clay !

Why didst thou leave us ? Loveliness still lingers
Where spring's first roses in the twilight bloom :
And visions fresh from fancy's fairy fingers
Come thronging round us in its purple gloom :
When music on the breath of eve is stealing,
As nature lifts her mighty heart on high,
While up to God her vesper hymn is pealing,
And life is worship—wherefore didst thou die ?

MY LIDE.

L. V. F.

The spring-time is waking to beauty and bloom,
The storm-clouds are breaking, and bright through
 the gloom,
The blue heaven flashes, like gleams of thine eye,
Through the dark silken lashes that deepen its dye;
'Tis a glance full of tenderness, blended with pride,
Like thine own azure eye beam, my sweet sister
 Lide.

The rosebuds are sleeping, but odors around
Tell of hyacinths peeping from yon grassy mound;
The peach bloom is blushing like clondlets at even,
When the sunset is flushing the calm summer
 heaven;
And I dream, as its leaflets float down at my side,
Of the rose-tinted cheek of my sweet sister Lide.

The south wind is blowing, and up from the wood,
Where the streamlet is flowing in deep solitude,
Swells in low, liquid numbers, the waterfall's song,
As its singing wave slumbers, or dashes along,
And the silvery tone of that murmuring tide
Seems the love-laden voice of my sweet sister Lide.

The world thinks us lonely—'tis true, we're alone,
Not as twin spirits only—*our hearts are but one*;
With no parent, no brother, no glad, happy home,
We're the world to each other, wherever we roam;
And my young life glides onward like spring's sunny
 tide,
When I dwell with mine own one—my "love of a
 Lide."

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

L. M.

In the purple twilight sitting,
Sitting sad and lone,
Watching sunset shadows flitting,
Fading one by one ;
Thinking how the winds were wailing,
How the fleecy snow
Came with bridal garments trailing,
Twenty years ago.

Thinking how each laughing maiden
Stole in side by side
With her snowy blossoms laden ;
Trooping round the bride ;
Loving hearts with high hope swelling
Whispered soft and low,
Loving eyes with tears were welling,
Twenty years ago.

Thinking how her eyes were smiling
Through their mist of tears,
How the words of hope's beguiling
Strove to quell my fears ;
Thinking how my heart was aching
'Neath its weight of woe,
With the pain of parting, breaking,
Twenty years ago.

Thinking of each loving token
Brought in smiles and tears,
Thinking how the band is broken
By the rolling years.

Thinking of the dumb lips lying
 Underneath the snow,
 Then with warmest wishes vying—
 Twenty years ago.

Thinking of youth's blossom meadow,
 With its purple haze,
 Thinking of the shine and shadow
 Of the old dead days;
 Thinking of the sun-bright vision,
 In its golden glow,
 Peopling earth with shapes elysian
 Twenty years ago.

Thinking how the day-dreams clouded
 Under deepest night,
 Watching love's in sere clothes shrouded
 Buried from our sight;
 Crumbling castles ivy covered,
 Through them sad and slow,
 Walk the shapes that round us hovered
 Twenty years ago.

Thinking of the placid present
 Of our bonnie bride,
 Of the faces bright and pleasant
 Round her fireside;
 Of the love so true and tender
 Guarding fondly now,
 As it promised to defend her
 Twenty years ago.

Thinking of the promise given
 As we said, "good-bye"—
 Firm as Faith and true as Heaven,
 Still its flame burns high,
 Thanking God for loves that cluster
 Round its altar glow,
 Pure and bright as beamed their lustre
 Twenty years ago.

THE LONG AGO.

L. V. F.

You are far away, my Lida,
And the April breezes blow
O'er the hills of "Allequida,"
Where we wandered long ago,
When the sunny hours of childhood
Swept like singing streams along,
And the valley and the wildwood
Echoed to our merry song :
When we used to run bright races
With the sunshine on the hill—
O'er those old familiar places,
Does the sunbeam linger still ?

Do you ever wander, sister,
By the lonely, bushy bank,
Where the crimson lilies cluster
'Mid the rushes long and dank ?
Where, where'er we went a-nutting,
We would rest at eventide,
On the rocky ledges jutting
From the bosky-dingle side ?
Robins built beneath the arches,
And a blue-bird in a bough
Of the overhanging larches—
Do you ever hear them now ?

Canst recall the legends olden
Of that shadow-haunted dell,
Where the sunlight, green and golden,
Most fantastically fell ?
And the range of mossy mountains,
Where sweet "Allequida's bower"

Rose beside the forest fountains,
 'Neath a jewel-dropping shower
 Of the hazel's pearly tassels,
 And the maple's ruby sheen,
 Which the winds, her fairy vassals,
 Poured around the Indian Queen?

Then the jolly rides at morning,
 On the pony, sleek and old,
 Every danger proudly scorning
 On the upland bleak and bold;
 And the search for silver fishes,
 Wading in the crystal pool,
 (Just the spot to suit our wishes,)
 At the noontide clear and cool;
 How the tiny billows tinkled
 O'er the pebbles and the net;
 And your little white feet twinkled—
 Oh, I think I see them yet!

Yes, I see you often, Lida,
 As you used to look, when we
 Dwelt at bonnie "Allequida,"
 With the bird, and breeze, and bee;
 Laughing eyes of limpid azure,
 And the snowy baby brow,
 Peeping from the gold embrasure
 Of its curls—I see it now!
 Then I wish that God had laid us
 Down to slumber in the wild;
 For His love would *then* have made us
 Each *His little angel child*.

OLD FOREST HOME.

L. M.

I sit in the dusky shadow,
 Under the chestnut tree,
 I hear the song of the piping quail,
 And the hum of the drowsy bee;

I see bright shapes in the waving trees,
 I hear soft words in the rustling breeze,
 I see white ships over azure seas,
 Sailing to you and me.

You're telling the story over,
 Saying: "Mignon, you must come
 When summer suns shall shine again,
 And see the stately dome
 Lifting aloft its princely head,
 While fluted columns round it spread
 And grace and beauties new are shed
 Round beautiful Forest Home."

I sit in the dusky shadow
 And think of the faithful few,
 The loving band now thinning fast,
 With pulses strong and true;
 I think of the warm hearts chilled with
 doubt,
 Mid storm and shipwreck tossed about,
 I think of the lights and lives gone out
 Since this old house was new.

I'm back in the dusky shadow
 Of an April eventide,
 When I had found a new brother love,
 And you were a happy bride;
 Hand in hand as we strayed along,
 Heart linked heart in a circle strong,
 Soul met soul, as with laugh and song,
 We wandered side by side.

I see through the dusky shadow
 Soft eyes of cloudless blue,
 And bright curls float on the summer
 wind
 Of summer's golden hue;
 I sit again in the chestnut shade
 Where "Bonso" and "Bedo" and
 "Birdie" played,
 And children's laughter our heaven made
 When this old house was new.

I see through the curtained window
 The firelight's ruddy hue

Glancing on spotless bridal robes,
 And snow-white garlands too ;
 I see the shades of the youthful band,
 Again the circle around me stand,
 As I took *my destiny* hand in hand
 When this old house was new.

I see through the dusky shadow
 The child that the angels knew,
 As borne on the soft October wind
 She floats to my bosom true ;
 In her Father's house she is dwelling now,
 With a starry crown on her baby brow,
 But she lay on our hearts like an angel's
 vow
 When this old house was new.

I see through the dusky shadow
 Bright fairy forms that grew
 Into our hearts and homes and lives,
 And their magic lustre threw
 A tenderer light over earth and skies,
 A brighter glow on the blossom's dyes,
 Opening Paradise to our eyes
 When this old house was new.

I see through the dusky shadow
 A loyal band and true,
 Our bright-eyed children hand in hand
 Come trooping to my view ;
 I breathe the prayer, be their hearts as
 light,
 Their hopes as high, and their faith as
 bright
 As ours, when we climbed life's moun-
 tain height,
 When this old house was new.

I sit in the dusky shadow
 Under the chestnut tree,
 I hear the song of the piping quail,
 And the hum of the drowsy bee ;
 The angels peep through the waving trees
 Their voices call in the rustling breeze,
 Their white ships sail over azure seas,
Coming for you and me !

THE AUCTIONEER.

L. V. F.

Up with the red flag ! wave it wide,
Over the gay and fair !
O'er things of love, and things of pride,
It flaunteth everywhere !
Bring the hammer, the auction block—
Gather, ye hearts of stone—
“ Here’s excellent bargains, and premium stock
Going—going—gone !”

Wrecks of a ruined household band
Cast on a silent shore ;
Heart-breaks scattered along the sand,
Where the tide comes up no more.
Amid the relics, the Auctioneer
Standeth—a wrecker lone,
Bidding them off with a jest and jeer—
“ Going—going—gone !”

Here’s a mirror, a faithful friend,
For, without a shade of guile,
It tells when passions the dark brow bend,
And it gives you smile for smile ;
No more, no more will it council lend—
Hark to that flippant tone—
“ How much—how much for this faithful friend ?
Going—going—gone !”

Here is a purple divan, soft
And circled with silken fringe ;
Here the lord of the manor slumbered oft,
And the couch’s richest tinge

Was dull and cold, to the golden shower
 That over his vision shone—
 “Who bids—who bids for the dreams of power?
 Going—going—gone!”

A pendule strikes with a dreamy chime,
 Like that which the spirit hears
 In the notes of a curious, quaint old rhyme,
 That telleth of by-gone years;
 But the owner has passed to another clime,
 His last sad sands are run—
 “How much—how much for the wings of Time?
 Going—going—gone!”

Costly lamps—when the golden spire
 Rose over the festal board,
 How dim it shone to the eyes of fire
 Where Love's sweet light was stored;
 But those eyes grew dim like stars that roam
 Afar from the “great white throne”—
 “Who bids—who bids for the lights of home?
 Going—going—gone!”

A dainty volume, clasped with gold,
 Its links still bright and new,
 It whispered of love that could ne'er be told,
 And it bound the giver true;
 On the first blank leaf it is written now—
 “Thine, thine alone!”
 “Who bids—who bids for the broken vow?
 Going—going—gone!”

Here is a picture, bright and fair,
 And a soul looks from its eyes
 Through veiling clouds of golden hair,
 Like a Peri from the skies:
 So like to her in the church-yard laid,
 When the autumn rains came on;
 “How much, for a beauty that cannot fade?
 Going—going—gone!”

Here is the carpet with flowers dense,
 Her fairy feet once trod,
 And the little cradle bed from whence
 Her baby went up to God;

THE TOY SELLER.

Here is the harp, with its broken strings,
 Her white hands moved upon—
 "Who bids—who bids for this lot of things
 Going—going—gone!"

Thank God! he cannot sell the heart—
 We bury our treasures there;
 Warm tears that up to the eyelids start,
 And the baby's lisping prayer,
 Songs that we loved in a by-gone day,
 Sweet words, many a one—
 We bury them deep, where none can say:
 "Going—going—gone!"

THE TOY SELLER.

I. M.

He stands in the city's crowded street,
 With his beard of painted toys,
 With heavy eyelids and weary feet,
 Dreaming of vanished joys:
 Of a loving voice, and a gentle hand
 That guided his golden years,
 Ere the bloom and song of that far-off land
 Was lost in a rain of tears:
 Sudden he starts with his measured cry:
 "Toys and fancies! Who'll buy? who'll buy?"

Ho! all ye who are useless drones
 In the crowded hive of life!
 List! ye idlers on gilded thrones
 Of a nation's toil and strife!
 Dwellers in industry's humble cell,
 Should my call halt any such,
 Pass along, for ye will not swell
 My audience over-much:
 Gather around me with longing eye—
 "Toys and fancies! Who'll buy? who'll buy?"

Beautiful statnes, white as snow,
 As daintily pure and fair,
 With the regal head, and the God-like brow
 Of the Old-World orator ;
 Gilded bright as the jeweled crown
 Of the fabled Elf-land king,
 Painted light as the dainty down
 Of the butterfly's gauzy wing ;
 Fair as the rifts on a summer sky—
 Fair and fleeting ! Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

" Filled with air ?" Like the empty sound
 Of your politicians' fame ;
 Windy and wordy, it floats around
 On the breeze of an ill-bought name ;
 Till halting at Victory's vestibule,
 The toy comes tumbling down,
 Pricked with a pin of ridicule,
 In the hand of a vulgar clown ;
 Light as a bubble, a painted lie !
 Empty as honors ! Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

" Brittle," you say, and quick to break
 Amid children's fitful strife;
 Like the venomed tongues that sway and shake
 The works of an earnest life ;
 What boots kind deed, or gracious word,
 From a great and glorious mind ?
 One blow from a weapon malice-barbed,
 Will scatter it to the wind ;
 Brittle as friendship, as quick to fly !
 Worthless as gratitude—come, who'll buy ?

" Easy to soil ?" What love you best,
 To trail in the dust of shame ?
 What plaything suits your jeer and jest,
 Like a woman's spotless name ?
 Tossed in the smoke-clouds, high and higher,
 In your club-room's murkiness,
 Dragged through the reeking mud and mire,
 At the heels of a lying press ;
 Pure as the glance of a woman's eye,
 As easily tear-stained—Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

" Hollow inside ?" Oh, lie ! for shame !
 Is *that*, in a toy, amiss ?

I marvel that you have the face to name
 So puerile a plea as this !
 When all the love that is fair and false
 Finds never a longing eye ;
 When all the passion that is but dross
 Goes begging for fools to buy ;
 Show me but *this*, and you hush my cry—
 Hollow and heartless ! Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

“ Empty ? ” indeed ! And what are the heads
 Where you crawl, and cringe, and bow ?
 Where gilded Pomp, with Dishonor, treads,
 The magical circle now.
 Show me the idol, false and fair,
 That finds not a fool to follow,
 And I shall believe your story rare,
 That you “ hate the toys that are hollow ; ”
 Fickle and faithless ! A gilded lie !
 Empty and worthless ! Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?

BURNING THE BRUSH.

L. V. F.

Old rubbish from grove-land and garden,
 Dry weeds from the shrubbery's steeps,
 Dead branches from trees in the orchard,
 Lay gathered in conical heaps ;
 And from each the red flames through the twilight
 Rose up with a roar and a rush,
 For the children were out on a frolic,
 And merrily “ burning the brush.”

How still are the star-fires above us
 When the smoke-girdled beacons arise !
 'Tis the wind-wasted flame of earth's passion,
 To the infinite calm of the skies !
 Above me the apple boughs drooping

With blossoms were lavishly lush,
 Around me the children were trooping,
 And busily "burning the brush."

Aloof, in the shadows, I watched them,
 And still thro' the smoke laden air,
 Keeping sight of my beautiful "Daisy"
 By the gold-gleaming cloud of her hair—
 By her eye like a star in the twilight,
 Her laugh with its gleefullest gush—
 As she flitted from beacon to beacon,
 With the little ones "burning the brush."

Her heart was as light as the zephyr
 Which fanned the red flames from below,
 Her soul was as white as the blossoms
 Down drifting their delicate snow.
 I was double the age of my darling—
 I thought of it then with a blush—
 That day I had quarrelled with "Daisy,"
 The child who was "burning the brush."

As I moodily stood in the shadow,
 With gloom on my spirits and brow,
 No beauty for me in the bonfires—
 No charm in the bloom-laden bough—
 There came a swift footstep behind me,
 A face in its rosiest flush
 Peered round, as she merrily whispered:
 "You see, we are 'burning the brush'—"

"All things that are idle and useless,
 "Dead things that would mar our domain,
 "We give to the flames, that our borders
 "May brighten and blossom again.
 "So, I'll fling all my willfulness from me,
 "Caprices and coquetries crush—
 "Here they go to the dross-pile *bon amie*,
 "See! I burn them alive with the brush!"

Then a spray of the delicate blossoms,
 Which she crushed in her dainty white hands,
 In a moment lay smoking and shrivelled,
 And dead, on the red-hearted brands!
 I was double the age of my darling,
 My manhood had sins on its flush,

But the blossom-like faults of the sinless
Lay dead—like the flames of the brush!

* * * * *

Each spring, from the orchard and grove-land,
The smoke-wreaths float out on the air,
And the children go forth 'mid the flowers—
My "Daisy" no longer is there.
Her home was not here in the twilight,
Where earth-fires of passion arise;
She has floated away through the morning
To the infinite calm of the skies.
I?—I stand all alone in the shadows,
But my heart has a holier hush
Since, down in its deeps a great Sorrow
Sits, wearily "burning the brush."

"ONLY LEAVES."

L. M.

Wake! 'tis the night wind's moan
Round the eaves.
List! as its sobbing tone
Sadly grieves
Round the lone haunted spring
Where the weird night birds sing,
Silently scattering
"Only leaves."

Where the bright billow's crest
Softly heaves,
Where the wild fowl her nest
Deftly weaves,
Dropped from the mountain side,
Into the crystal tide
Idly along they glide,
"Only leaves."

Slowly her pearly shroud
 Summer weaves,
Sadly her misty cloud
 Sobs and grieves,
Sighing for roses fled,
Sobbing for lilies dead,
While her hands o'er them spread
 "Only leaves."

Wake! 'tis the spirit's moan
 Round the eaves.
List! as its sobbing tone
 Sadly grieves
Round the lone haunted spring
Where ghostly memories sing,
Silently scattering
 "Only leaves."

Slowly her shadow shroud
 Friendship weaves,
Faith from her falling cloud
 Sobbing grieves,
Sighing for passions fled,
Sobbing for loves long dead,
Pallid hands o'er them spread,
 "Only leaves."

Ask ye the just reward
 Faith achieves?
Seek ye the pure record
 Love receives?
Wrought ye works meet for these?
Planted ye fruitful trees,
That your sad autumn sees,
 "Only leaves."

'Graved ye on victor's shield
 Laurel leaves?
Bare ye from harvest field
 Golden sheaves?
Love for the broken heart?
Aid for the desolate?
Brought ye not for your part
 "*Only leaves?*"

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

Wrought your deeds but the shame
 Lust achieves?
 Was your lamp but the flame
 That deceives?
 Start not when demons tread
 Round your pale sheeted dead,
 And on their lone graves spread
 "Only leaves."

Up! fight ye for the gem
 Faith achieves;
 Win ye the diadem
 Love receives;
 Wake! from thy lifeless trance,
 Work! that the ages hence
 Mete not thy recompense
 "Only leaves!"

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

L. V. F.

They planted them together—our gallant sires of
 old—
 Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and
 one with solar gold;
 They planted them together, on the world's ma-
 jestic height,
 At Saratoga's deathless charge, at Eutaw's stub-
 born fight;
 At midnight on the dark redoubt, 'mid plunging
 shot and shell—
 At noontide gasping in the crush of battle's bloody
 swell,
 With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the
 mighty fray,
 Which surged and swelled around them on that
 memorable day,

When they planted independence, as a symbol and
a sign—
They struck deep soil and planted the Palmetto
and the Pine.

They planted them together, by the river of the
Years,
Watered with our fathers' hearts' blood, watered
with our mothers' tears;
In the strong, rich soil of Freedom, with a bounte-
ous benison,
From their Prophet, Priest and Pioneer—our Father
Washington!
Above them floated echoes of the ruin and the
wreck,
Like "drums that beat at Louisburg, and thundered
at Quebec."
But the old light sank in darkness as the new stars
rose to shine
O'er those emblems of the sections—the Palmetto
and the Pine.

And we'll plant them still together, for 'tis yet the
self same soil
Our fathers' valor won for us by victory and toil;
On Florida's fair everglades, by bold Ontario's
flood,
And thro' them send electric life as leaps the kin-
dred blood!
For thus it is they taught us who for Freedom lived
and died,
The Eternal laws of justice must and shall be justi-
fied;
That God has joined together by a fiat all divine
The destinies of dwellers 'neath the Palm-tree and
the Pine.

Aye! we'll plant them yet together, tho' the cloud
is on their brows,
And winds antagonistic writhe and wrench their
stalwart boughs;
Driving winds that drift the nations into gaping
gulfs of gloom;
Sweeping ages, cycles, systems into vortices of
doom;

Though the waves of faction, rolling in triumphant
to the shore,
Are breaking down our bulwarks with their sullen
rage and roar;
Serried armaments of ocean filing in line after line,
Washing up the deep foundations of Palmetto and
of Pine.

Shall this, the soil of Freedom, from their roots be
washed away
By the chafing of the billows and the breaking of
the spray?
No! the Hand that rules the vortex which is surg-
ing now before us
Above its "hell of waters" sets the bow of promise
o'er us;
And the time will come when Discord shall be
buried in the Past,
The oriflamme of Love shall wave above the beach
at last,
And beneath the starry banner—type of unity di-
vine—
Shall stand those stately signals, the Palmetto and
the Pine.

Shall the old victorious Eagle from their boughs be
wrenched away
By the double-headed Vulture of Disunion and
Decay?
Forbid it, Heaven! Columbia, guard thine em-
blems sheltered here,
To grace the brilliant dawning of this grand Cen-
tennial year;
And bear them as thou marchest on with gonfalons
unfurled,
With thy feet upon the fetter, for the freeing of the
world!
And guard thy Holy Sepulchre—Mount Vernon's
sacred shrine—
For this is Freedom's Holy Land, her promised
Palestine.

Oh! thou voice of God outflowing from the lips of
holy Peace,
Soothe the turmoil and the tumult, bid this strife
and sorrow cease!

O'er savannas steeped in sunshine, over mountains
dark with rain,
Send the glad and thrilling tidings in thy sweetly
solemn strain ;
Let snowy North and sunny South send up the
shout, " All's well !"
And the music of thy coming strike our heart strings
with its swell.
(As to Jessie Brown at Lucknow, struck the air of
" Auld Lang Syne !"
From the Highland pipes of Havelock)—save the
Palm and save the Pine !

God plant them still together ! let them flourish
side by side
In the halls of our Centennial, mailed in more than
marble pride ;
With kindly deeds and noble names we'll grave
them o'er and o'er,
With brave historic legends of the glorious days of
yore,
While the clear, exultant chorus, rising from united
bands,
The echo of our triumph peals to earth's remotest
lands ;
While " Faith, Fraternity and Love " shall joyfully
entwine
Around our chosen emblems, the Palmetto and the
Pine.
" Together ! " shouts Niagara his thunder-toned de-
cree ;
" Together ! " echo back the waves upon the Mexic
sea ;
" Together ! " sing the sylvan hills where old Atlan-
tic roars ;
" Together ! " boom the breakers on the wild Pacific
shores ;
" Together ! " cry the People—and " together " still
shall be
An everlasting charter-bond forever for the free ;
Of liberty the signet-seal—the one eternal sign—
Be those united emblems, the Palmetto and the
Pine !

AUGUST.

L. M.

Here let us rest ! in the cool shadows lying
 Beneath the whispering pine,
Whose low, sweet voices overhead are sighing,
 Whose wreathing arms entwine
With murmured sounds like loving, lingering kisses
 On sleeping eyelids pressed,
While the soft South wind woos us with caresses,
 And whispers—"let us rest."

The forest rests—its late glad voice of singing
 A dreaming echo seems ;
The babbling mountain stream, with rhythmic ring-
 ing,
 Goes murmuring in soft dreams ;
Sweet Slumber spreads her wings, with softest
 whisper
 Wooing us to her breast ,
And Nature, with closed eyelids, chants her vesper,
 And whispers—"let us rest."

The heron dips his beak, where brightly gleaming
 The waves flow clear and cool,
The water fowl with drooping crest is dreaming
 Beside the darkling pool,
Where white pond lilies mid their dank leaves
 lying
 By crystal waves caressed,
And tangled river weeds are softly sighing
 Their whisper—"let us rest."

Long yellow lines through forest aisles are gleaming,
 With shadows deep and wide
 In mute embrace, like Night and Noonday seeming
 To slumber side by side ;
 On his dark breast her golden head reposes
 In silent rapture blest,
 His shadow arm her glowing form encloses,
 And murmurs—"let us rest."

The summer sun on whitening fields is glowing
 In floods of amber light,
 The summer wind o'er bending vineyards blowing
 With purple clusters bright ;
 Through grassy lanes and gleaming hedgerows
 singing,
 In sweet contentment blest,
 The "Harvest Home" o'er hill and vale goes ringing,
 And echoes—"let us rest."

Yes, let us rest—ah ! why should we remember
 That summer suns will set,
 And with the hoar frost of the grey November
 The crumbling leaves be wet ?
 Why note the storm clouds brooding, moaning,
 sailing,
 Up from the darkling west ?
 Why see the serpent through the blossoms trailing ?
 Ah ! leave us—let us rest.

What boots it, that in shine and shadow blending
 We've mingled good with sin ?
 Our harvest time is past, our summer ending,
 Our vintage gathered in :
 Why mock us now with visions false and fleeting,
 And shadows of unrest ?
 Why set our hearts to lying legends beating ?
 Ah ! leave us—let us rest.

The past, however golden while 'twas ours,
 Is dark with vain desire,
 And ghostly with the maddening, mocking powers
 That vainly beckoned higher.

Like shores on which the summer's sun is setting
In clouds and shadows dressed ;
Then, with the present, all the past forgetting,
Leave us—and let us rest.

LIBERTY BELLS.

L. V. F.

Dedicated to the "CENTENNIAL LEGION," General Harry Heth, of Virginia, composed of companies from each of the Old Thirteen States, on Parade in front of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, 4th of July, 1776.

Land of the Beautiful and Brave! the Eagle and
the Star!
Of verdant vale and silver wave, we hear thy voice
afar ;
We listen to thy pine-clad hills in all their sound-
ing pride,
And hymns thy rushing rivers bear along the rolling
tide ;
Thy record of a hundred years, thy grand and
storied name,
That thrills to every Freeman's soul and fires his
heart of flame.

Ah! many a voice is thine, proud Land, as forth
upon the blast
Are borne the far-off echoes of thy stern and stately
past ;
Full well thy sunny plains could tell how died the
dauntless brave,
As perishes some gallant bark from off the crested
wave ;
Full well thy heights could echo back the broadly
booming gun

That thundered from its brazen throat the news of
Freedom won!

Thy woods could tell of foray fierce and mid-night
battle-rout,
Of blood-enslaughtered warrior chief and stealthy
footed scout;
Thy streams could murmur tales of woe, how rose
the dreadful pyre
That gave the settler's roof-tree to the hate-en-
kindled fire;
Thy vales reveal how murdered there upon their
verdant sod,
The children of the Pioneer were gathered back to
God.

My brothers! list these voices—bold, and beautiful
and grand—
For they bind a glorious brotherhood, a nation,
hand to hand;
For they speak of the Republic as it rose triumphant
then,
A mighty purpose kindled in the hearts of mighty
men;
Gather up the links of "UNION"—every stalwart
State is one,
And let the clasp that joins them be, *the grave of
Washington.*

Aye! let our land preserve them well, these voices
of the past,
To children's children send them down unsullied to
the last;
Preserve them pure and undefiled, a heritage di-
vine,
Baptized in flame on Camden's plain, in blood at
Brandywine,
Our shrines of "UNION" keep alight, our beacon
fires aglow,
The fires our fathers kindled, just one hundred
years ago!

* * * * *

Oh! the struggles of the nations! Oh! the prayers
that reached the skies!

As that pit of desolation fell o'er sad and swimming eyes!
 When the vestal fires of Freedom faded on a sullen strand,
 And a despot's shadow deepened into darkness o'er the land
 Men grew maddened with the galling and the goading of the chain,
 As they felt it searing slowly, eating down thro' heart and brain,
 And the Women? o'er *their* histories the startled reader hears
 Their hot tears dripping o'er the page in showers of blood and tears!

Then arose a gallant Legion, in its steadfast valor proud,
 Bold star upon a midnight sky! bright bow upon the cloud!
 And, as its banners floated out, and rank on rank arrayed,
 And struck the sun on glittering eye, and broadly flashing blade,
 From the stirred heart of a nation rolled the protest stern and strong,
 And like a bolt of doom it struck the giant hold of Wrong,
 Amid the voices of our past rang out in thunderous swell
 That mighty fiat of the Free—the Independence Bell!

And to aid that gallant Legion in those "darkling days of yore,"
 When burst the Revolution's heart in rivulets of gore
 That night of nights, when patriots were neither false nor few,
 With its *daughters* ever faithful, with its *mothers* ever true,
 There arose another, deeper voice upon the nation's night,
"Peas the heart beats of her Women, striking steadfast for the Right!"
 This to tyrant and usurper was her signal of knell;

*This, the grandly glorious chiming of her Independ-
ence Bells!*

*Noble women—native products of a noble virgin
soil,
Spontaneous sprung ere the land had tillage felt, or
toll;
Loved women, too, with loving hearts, soft eyes
and busy hands,
Content to write their royal deeds on naught but
shining sands;
Yet, hand to hand, and side by side, they stood—
the steadfast stay
Of men who rose in ire to front the fortunes of that
day
And while all sweetest sympathies within their
bosoms glow,
Their white hands wave, like battle flags, defiance
to the foe!*

*These were the bells of Freedom's choice, amid
that dread eclipse,
Their grand tones still bear down to us like jewel-
laden ships;
Their great deeds dared for right, for love, are reg-
istered sublime
In holy records, kept beyond the thither shores of
Time;
Their deep devotion side by side with loved ones
stood and strove,
It was something, oh! my Brothers! to be loved
with such a love!
It is something to be keeper of that "Glorious" altar
glow,
And the land they dared and died for—just one
hundred years ago!*

* * * * *

*Now—look forth from the mighty sky—every star
within its place
Seems islanded by billows blue—the purple seas of
space;
But, take some old star-seeker's glass—look upward
and behold
The seeming void is crowded thick with orbs of
sparkling gold!*

Well—thus around the dames of old, so beautiful
 and strong,
 An unnumbered sea of space would seem to roll
 along ;
 But, if you take the glass of Love, and yield you to
 its sway,
 You'll see those spaces gemmed with stars—the
 Women of To-day !

'Tis not the crown of bays that makes a woman's
 forehead grand ;
 'Tis not the fiery flashing gem that nerves a woman's
 hand ;
 'Tis not the silken, sceptered state that conquers
 Life and Time—
 But PURPOSE, EFFORT, ACTION, make a woman's life
 sublime !
 Some, like the stars i' the milky way, that whiten
 as they roll,
 Irradiate our life-path with the whiteness of their
 soul ;
 And some there are who live and move within a
 soul eclipse
 Who yet reveal *in works* their woman's mute Apoca-
 lypse !

There sounds a silvery trumpet-call from every
 mountain high,
 The music of our morning stars rings nobly up the
 sky,
 Prophetic lights loom up along another Century's
 years,
 Like Borealis crimsoning about the Northern
 spheres ;
 Another " LEGION " leads the way—is working hand
 to hand,
 And heart to heart, to give us back a strong, *united*
 land ;
 And in this work is cheered, (we trust) by richest
 music swells
 From Woman's soul of Love—our sweetest Inde-
 pendence Bells.

Strike off the gyves of Discord ! Let new Union
 heights be won
 With hearts like hearts of eagles beating up toward
 the sun !

No need to plead that Honor then shall keep our
 "statutes" sure,
 No need to plead for plighted Faith when all shall
 keep it pure—
 When every stone in Freedom's fane, deep-graven
 and sublime,
 Tells Woman's patriotic truth to every earthly
 clime,
 And like the Memphian marbles, holds her record
 to all time.

God speed the hour! 'Twill come perchance, when
 we that work to-day
 To the great Land of Love and Light shall all have
 passed away—
 But still may each with angel eyes, and vision
 heavenly clear,
 Look down from Love and Union *there*, to Love and
 Union *here*,
 And, thro' eternity behold the sacred altar-glow
 We guarded on the earth—a *thousand thousand years*
ago!

FOREST HOME, TENN., July, 1876.

OCTOBER.

L. M.

Slowly, and lazily, the deepening shadows lengthen
 Through the still autumn days;
 Silent, and stealthily, the gathering mist wreaths
 strengthen
 Their dim, and spectral haze;
 Through the cool forest shades the mountain stream
 goes singing
 His gladsome roundelay;
 The shallow, sunny brook, through meadows brown
 is ringing

Her laugh, the live-long day ;
Nature's many mingled voices, blending echoes sad
and gay,
Swell the choral hymn, to welcome in the brown
October day.

Far up the darksome gorges of the mountain
The chorus echoes round,
From laughing waterfall and singing fountain,
With wild, entangled sound ;
Singing soft love-words to the snowy blossom
That on its margin lies,
Breathing sweet fragrance from its lulling bosom
Where the blue violet dies ;
And the streamlet's laughing tinkle, and the cas-
cade's silvery sound,
Hush the song, and still the footsteps, where the
pools lie dark around.

From branch to branch, like soft, grey shadows
flying,
The chattering squirrels run,
The smooth brown chestnuts, on the green moss
lying,
Gleam in the western sun ;
Purple, and orange glows the sleeping mountain,
Scarlet, and green, and gold ;
Legends of elf-land sings the silver fountain
Deep in its woodlands old ;
In the glow of golden sunsets, and the scarlet pomp
of woods,
Flit the mystic shapes that people Autumn's syl-
van solitudes.

The dun deer, in his leafy covert lying,
Sleeps in its shadows cool,
The waterfowl on white wing slowly flying,
Rests by the darkling pool ;
The woodlands echo back the answered lowing
Of quiet browsing herds,
Sweet autumn winds the tuneful harps are blowing,
Of waters and of birds ;
In the whisper of her woodland, or the thunder of
her wave,
The voice of Nature speaks alike, to sovereign and
to slave.

With languid step, and dreamy eye, October
Enters the vale of years ;
Casting behind her garments sear and sober,
And shadow-haunted fears,
Robing her queenly limbs with rainbows, trailing
Their glowing, dazzling sheen,
Crowning her brow with crimson clouds swift sailing
To meet the Autumn Queen ;
Calling wind, and cloud, and billow, bidding hill,
and vale, and wood
Bend the knee to hail her glowing, warm, impassioned womanhood.

Gay sumach, flaunt your cones of crimson glory
In the gold sunbeam's flash,
Tell to the winds your burning passion story,
Whispering mountain ash ;
Rustle your tissues, flashing green and golden,
Bright birch, and spicy pine,
Your purple robes their royal hues unfolding,
Strong oak and clinging vine ;
Proud, imperial, reigning Passion ! with your gorgeous sunset gleam
Flood the rainbow-tinted temple of a woman's latest dream.

For, ere your whispered lyric, warm and tender,
Has told its mystic rhyme,
With stealthy footsteps, shrunken, grey November,
Steals in the wake of Time ;
His ghostly arms her glowing form encircle
With haunting doubts and fears,
His stony eyes her golden visions darkle
In floods of raining tears ;
And down the darkened forests ring his weird and hollow moans,
And echo o'er the rocks and waves in wild, funereal tones.

Ghosts in white cere clothes through the air come trooping,
With swift and noiseless flight,
On her cold form their silent shadows grouping,
In the still hush of night ;
Shadowy forms, with white and gleaming faces,

Over the waters glide,
 The Ice King in his cold and still embraces
 Gathers the rushing tide ;
 And the rainbow-crowned October, with her gold
 and crimson glow,
 Lies sleeping, still and dreamless, under softly fall-
 ing snow.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

L. V. F.

Respectfully inscribed to the Law Class of the Vanderbilt
 University, June 20, 1876.

"The vacant chair of the dead Chief Justice Nicholson, draped in the symbols of mourning, was placed on the floor in front of the bench, and in full view of the vast multitude that filled the chamber ; and after the memorial ceremonies, it was placed in the great hall of the State Library, there to remain."

Silent and vacant ! Idle, empty arms
 'Reft of their occupant, and standing lone
 In Sorrow's dim and shadowy Sanctuary—
And always thus to be ! Lonely and void ;
 Still are the keepers of the house of clay—
 Sleeping the warders on the ruined wall—
 Closed its grand portals with the signet seal
 Of silence—evermore ! Amid our pain,
 Stricken and woful, sad at heart and sore,
 We bow before this stern Promethean power,
Silence—"that shuts Endeavor down at last
 And says—"Achievement hath its mockeries
 No less than Failure !"

Silent and lone ! Yet, mutely eloquent,
 No orator whose language-lightnings sweep
 The souls of swaying multitudes at will,
 Lit with "live coals" from Inspiration's shrine,
 Burning in beauty with "the gift of tongues,"

Could move us more than this. Silence, which
seems

The echo of a mind magnificent,
With magical and solemn cadences
Telling of that undaunted intellect
Late passed away, like some proud comet-star,
Into the far eternal silence
Of unreturning time. This vacant seat
Telleth in muffled monotonies how much
Of sterling manhood's honor, strength and force,
Crossed the dark isthmus into the unknown
With him, *who comes no more*—the brave, the just,
In whose majestic immortality
We feel ourselves immortal!

Silent and vacant! Yet not cold, not dark,
Not chilling with its weariness of woe—
Silence that sits serene, a rose against her lip,
And on her brow's warm pallor. Seemingly,
When all the world is lying fair and still,
Like some wing-weary angel dropped to sleep,
Fulfilling still her mission in a dream;
Smiling her sorcery, yet seeking still
That tender chord in every human heart
That holds the sigh, and softly gives it forth
If touched aright. Dreamful she sits amid
A wealth of leafage, and a flush of flowers,
Where even the lapping flow of lulling waves,
And all sweet sounds that are in unison
And league with silence, drift away to die.
When splendrous sunsets burn across the sky
And make the mountain summits flame and glow
Like jeweled thrones of gods; she softly tells
As in waves of deep-toned melody,
Of him who honored once this vacant chair,
Whose path of duty struck through life direct
And swerveless as those radiant lines of light!
Ambition, mountain-like, all high and pure;
For man to live, to labor, to endure,
Whose virtues gemmed the whiteness of his soul
As stars come up at eve from out their graves
Of clearest sunlight. And, she says to us,
Pressing the rose of silence to her lips,
“Angels contented with their fame in Heaven
Seek not the praise of men!”

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Silent and vacant! Not a sigh or sound.
 The boles and branches of gigantic pines,
 Smitten by rushing tempests, will send forth
 Grand and tumultuous harmonies; aloft
 The clouds drift by like white-robed choristers
 Chanting their monodies; we seem to hear
 The blended choruses of sea and sky.
 The thundering of the axes of the sun,
 Swelling the dirge—"deep calling unto deep"—
 And yet, their voices move us not like these
 Brief words, that are a wringing of the heart,
 (When all is calm—no wringing of the hands—)
 "Silent and vacant!" For it is in these
 The silence of thought and feeling, that our hearts
 In unison with all "the heavens declare
 The glory of our God."

Silent and vacant! But a silence like
 The ripened glow of rich autumnal eves,
 That broadens our earth, and glorifies
 The full fruition of the harvest time,
 Bringing in stalwart arms the garnered sheaves,
 Golden with sunshine, blent with breath of balms,
 And bearing blessings of a perfect rest,
 Yet, while it bears the boon of rarest rest,
 Telling in stately, slow, solemn rythm,
 Of that heroic type of man, supreme,
 The mighty music of whose noble life
 Was Labor; he who struck with the steadfast hand
 The harp of iron strings, and sent its peal
 Crashing thro' soul and sense; the harp of Toil
 Chiming in bravely to the worker's song.
 The clash and clamor of the looms of Life;
 With stirring words to nerve the weak anew,
 And rouse the strong to action—tho' perchance
 The struggle might be stubborn, and the meed
 Of conquest dearly won. With bold hand
 He struck the harp of Toil, and the brave bells
 That rung out freedom to the world, and call
 Its crowded multitudes to prayer; he seemed
 A crowned apostle of that stronger day
 When men had faith of children, and the force
 Of gods!

Silent and vacant! Hushed in calm profound.
 Silent, because we could not now endure
 The mighty speech of that all-glorious realm

Whither our friend beloved has passed, to learn
 "The last great secret all men hear, and none
 Shall e'er betray."

Silence—but silence melting into tears,
 Sad as the sea-maid's song, and sweet as Triton
 shell,

Placid and peaceful—not a pulse of pain—
 But just a solemn twilight, full of stars,
 When dusk and dewfall meet in slumbrous shades,
 And holy as a Sabbath of the soul,
 In all earth's silences there seems to be
 An element *waiting*—earnestly
 Yet patiently they wait and hope—*for what?*
 Thus in this utter silence wait we now.
For what? And waiting too, Love sentinels
 The tomb, and Sorrow palest roses brings,
 Pallid as pearls, or vestals in their veils,
 And lays them thus—on silent vacancy—
 Love's tribute to the memory of him
 Who, having fought the fight, and kept the faith,
 Has passed from gloom to glory—storm to peace—
 Thro' strife to triumph, and thro' toil to rest—
 Thro' strong temptation to divinest grace—
 Thro' Death to Life—and to a *waiting chair*
 Beyond the far eternal silences!
 A grand life, chiseled on historic years—
 A soldier of the Right, invincible—
 A king crown-royal on the throne of Mind—
 A sage in council, and a "strong man armed."
 Yet, with a child's undoubting faith, he sealed
 The steps of Nature, up to Nature's God,
 Till, like a child when following a star,
 He journeyed forward to the Gates of Pearl,
 "Stole with soft step the shining archway thro',"
 And there was—*lost in Light!*

 NOVEMBER.

L. M.

"Ho! to arms for the deadly fight!"
 The echoing challenge sounds;
 Into the broad arena's light
 The peerless Athlete bounds;

His giant limbs, erect and bare,
Like rock-ribbed pillars tower,
And his massive, corded sinews wear
The kingliness of power.

He has hurled his leafy gauntlets down,
He has bared his mighty breast,
And his brawny arms have the lances thrown
In watchful, waiting rest ;
The scarlet berry, and purple vine
Their garlands round him throw,
And the white frost jewels gleam and shine
On his haughty, regal brow.

His recreant court have turned and fled,
At the bugle's martial ring,
And his stalwart soldiers, cold and dead,
On the field lie mouldering ;
His banners, borne in his mighty hands,
Its folds to the fierce winds fling,
Last of his race, defiant stands
The dauntless Autumn King.

Mild-eyed September taught him first
A sister's faithful love,
And his manly heart into blossom burst,
And its dewy garlands wove ;
But the mighty Reaper his sickle swung,
And the snowy blossoms wave,
And the loving breeze the dirge has sung
Over affection's grave.

Soft o'er his waiting senses stole
October's crimson gleam,
Steeping body, and heart, and soul,
In a burning passion dream ;
Lulling hope to the perfect rest
By full fruition given,
Sinking to sleep on her glowing breast,
And dreaming that earth was heaven.

But the Reaper gathered the form so fair
In his cold, and ghostly arm,
Leaving the kingly lover there
Alone in the raging storm,
Where mournful memories wildly sweep,
And their maddening pageants swell,

Muttering, curses dark and deep,
And deeming that earth was hell.

The mists of doubt hang, dark, and drear,
Over his regal brow,
And the ghastly, haunting shapes of fear
Around him mock and mow ;
The weird night-wind, with stealthy tread
Walks moaning round the tomb
Where his hopes, and joys, and loves, lie dead,
In their light, and song, and bloom.

Brother, nor friend, can the monarch boast,
Sister, nor love hath he ;
Worn, and wearied, and tempest-tossed
On the battle's surging sea ;
Thundering down on the field of Time,
The hoofs of the foemen ring,
Calmly he fronts them, in strength sublime.
And every inch a King.

The mad winds shriek, the billows roar,
And the forests rock and swing,
As on the conquering legions pour
Of the mighty Winter King ;
With gleaming blades and murderous hands,
The foemen round him throng,
Firm as a rock, the Athlete stands
The serried hosts among.

"Smite to the death !" the monarch calls ;
He quarter asks, nor gives ;
Pierced by a thousand wounds, he falls
On the brown and crumbling leaves ;
The scarlet holly, and fragrant pine
Their spicy incense throw,
And the shining laurel leaves entwine
To wreath his pallid brow.

Purple and gray, the mountains tower,
Azure and pearl the sky,
Misty shapes through the forest pour,
Where he lays him down to die ;
Crimson and gold, the sunset cloud
His dying couch has spread,
The Indian Summer weaves his shroud,
And the Autumn King lies dead.

“MAMMY”—A HOME PICTURE.

L. V. F.

When the broad mulberry branches hang a canopy
of leaves.
Like an avalanche of verdure, drooping o'er the
kitchen eaves.
And the sunshine and the shadow dainty arabes-
ques have made
On the quaint old oaken settle, standing in the
pleasant shade,
Sits good “Mammy” with “the children,” while
the summer afternoon
Wears the decoy veil of April, or the brilliancy of
June.

Smooth and snowy is the 'kerchief lying folded
with an air
Of matronly dignity, above her silver-sprinkled
hair;
Blue and white the beaded necklace, used “on Sun-
days to bedeck
(A dearly cherished amulet) her plump and dusky
neck;
Dark her neatly-ironed apron, of a broad and ample
size,
Spreading o'er the dress of “homespun” with its
many-colored dyes.

True, her lips are all untutored, yet how genially
 they smile,
 And how eloquent their fervor praying, "Jesus,
 bless de ehile!"
 True, her voice is hoarse and broken, but how ten-
 der it replies;
 True, her hands are brown and withered, yet how
 loving are her eyes;
 She has thoughts both high and holy, tho' her brow
 is dark and low;
 And her face is brown and wrinkled, but her soul is
 white as snow!

An aristocrat is "Mammy" in her dignity sedate—
 "Haught as Lucifer" to "white trash," whom she
 cannot tolerate;
 Patronizing, too, to "Master," for she "nussed 'im
 when a boy;"
 Familiar, yet respectful to the "Mistis"—but the
 joy
 Of her bosom is "de children," and delightedly
 she'll boast
 Of the "born blood" of her darlings—"good as
 kings and queens a' most."

There she sits beneath the shadow crooning o'er
 some olden hymn,
 Watching earnestly, and willingly, although her
 eyes are dim;
 Laughing in her heart sincerely, yet with counte-
 nance demure,
 Holding out before her "babies" every tempting
 little lure;
 Noting all their merry frolicks with a quiet loving
 gaze,
 Telling o'er at night to "Mistis" "all their cunnin'
 little ways."

Now and then her glance will wander o'er the pas-
 tures far away,
 Where the tasselled cornfields waving, to the
 breezes rock and sway;
 To the rivers gleaming silver, and the hazy distanœ
 whère
 Giant mountain peaks are peeping thro' an azure
 veil of air;

But the thrill of baby voices—baby laughter, low
and sweet,
Recall her in a moment to the treasures at her feet.

So “rascally,” so “rollicking,” our bold and sturdy
boy,
In all his tricky waywardness, is still her boast and
joy;
She’ll chase him through the shrubbery—his mis-
chief mood to cure—
“Hi! whar dat little rascal now? De b’ars will git
’im shure!”
When caught she’ll slightly swing him to her shoul-
der, and in pride
Go marching round the pathways—“jus’ to see how
gran’ he ride.”

And the “Birdie” of our bosoms—oh! how oft and
tenderly
Bows good “Mammy’s” mother-spirit to her baby
witchery!
All to her is dear devotion, whom the angels bind
to bless,
And all thoughts of her are blessed with a holy ten-
derness;
Coaxing now, and now caressing, saying with a
smile or kiss,
“Jus’ for Mammy—dat’s a lady—won’t it now?” do
that or this.

On the sweet, white-tufted clover, worn and weary
with their play,
Toying with the creamy blossoms, now the little
children lay,
Harnessed up with crimson ribbons, hobby horses
side by side,
“Make believe” to eat their “fodder”—(blossoms
to their noses tied).
Near them stands the willow wagon—in it Birdie’s
mammoth doll—
And our noble “Brave” beside them, faithful guar-
dian over all.

Above them float the butter-flies, around them hum
the bees;

And birdlings warble, darting in and out, among
 the trees ;
 The kitten sleeps at " Mammy's " side, and two
 brown rabbits pass,
 Hopping close along the paling, stealing thro' the
 waving grass ;
 Gladsome tears blue eyes are filling as a watching
 mother prays,
 " God bless ' Mammy ' and my children ! " in those
 happy halcyon day.

THE SYCAMORES.

L. M.

By my chamber window the sycamores stand,
 Peopled by bird and bee,
 And the winds dwell in them, a shadowy band,
 And they whisper their thoughts to me ;
 Sorrow and joy in their murmurs blend,
 And I sit by my window alone, and lend
 A willing ear to their mystic lore,
 Voices of winds in the Sycamore,
 " Spring time has come," laughs the merry breeze,
 " Crowned with her garlands fair,
 Trailing her green robes over the trees,
 Breathing her balmy air ; "
 Bright-eyed childhood comes skipping along,
 Filling the air with its laugh and song ;
 " Gaily dance on youth's sunny shore ! "
 Singeth the wind through the Sycamore.

Summer's here, with her amber hair,
 And her witching, dreamy eyes,
 Rainbow-hued are her garments fair,
 Passion's resplendent dyes ;
 " Steer your bark to yon shadowy dell,
 There, where the ' lotus eaters ' dwell,

Hope lies asleep on Frnition's shore,"
Whispers the wind through the Sycamore.

Sad-eyed Autumn comes stealing on,
In her robes of russet brown ;
Bird, and blossom, and bee, are gone,
Dead leaves fluttering down ;
" Friends and lovers, of all bereft,
Summer's pleasures have only left
Quivering heart strings, bleeding and sore !"
Waileth the wind through the Sycamore.

White-haired Winter is coming now,
With his sad and sober pace ;
Iceicles hang from his furrowed brow,
And shadow his gloomy face.
" Blossoms blighted, and song birds flown,
Hopes all withered, and dreams all gone,
Death sits crouched on my branches hoar !"
Moaneth the wind through the Sycamore.

WHITE FROST.—ON SUNDAY MORNING,
OCTOBER 20TH.

L. V. F.

Blue laughing eyes that dose in sleep,
At setting of the sun,
What saw ye when the Lord of day
His journey had begun ?
Like music bells your voices chime,
Quick clap your baby hands,
Why ripples forth your laughter like
Soft waves on coral strands ?
Then low the lisping accents fell,
As sweet as drops of hydromel.

Oh! such a sight! as o'er the hills
The sunbeams 'gan to peep—
While still within the cedar tree
Our blue-birds were asleep!
For, (you must know) when stars were out,
And skies were cold and bright,
The Frost Queen came with all her train
To dance away the night.

Our clear, young eyes are strong and keen,
Our souls are pure within,
They ne'er have shrunk with hidden shame,
Or looked on darker sin;
So saw we what to older eyes
The angels have denied—
We saw the Frost Queen's train sweep by
In all its royal pride.

They held a revel wild and gay,
They danced about the lawn,
Unheeding how the hours flew by
To herald in the dawn.
So while the merry dance swept on,
With ouphe, and elf, and fay,
Up rose the broad and bright-eyed sun
And caught them at their play.

Then thick and fast his kisses fell
On lips of ruby hue,
Perhaps he thought them blossoms, filled
With drops of honey-dew!
But, with a rush of wings, as when
The forest leaves are stirred,
Away the Fairies flew—a train
Of joyous, gleaming birds.

Off! off, the merry elfin troop
In clouds went flying forth,
As tho' a rain of jewelry
Had drifted from the North!
Away they speed, in glittering crowds,
Like to a rush of light;
You might have thought them golden clouds
Fast fading from the sight.

But, in their haste what diamonds fell
 In showers all around !
 Rich opals, pearls, and emerald sheen
 Came twinkling to the ground,
 Till every vine and shrub was clad
 With waifs from fairies won ;
 See ! even the grass and little weeds
 Have gala jewels on !

* * * * *

Oh ! eyes that are joyous and sinless,
 That close at the set of the sun—
 You live so near to the Beautiful Land
 Where Fantasy's rivers run—
 You hear the bugles of Elfland blow,
 You listen the onphe's shrill horn ;
 Oh ! fair was the pageantry ye beheld
 On that blessed October morn !

But—I sat me down by the window
 And pondered the children's words ;
 And I saw only fiends of the Fever
 Slain by the crystal swords !
 I saw but the darts of the Ice King,
 His javelins glint and sheen,
 His dagger points, and his burnished spears
 And his scimitars sharp and keen ;
 And ten thousand forms of the Evil
 Lay stricken and dead between.

Then softly I cried in my gladness,
 “ Be jubilant every one—”
 For the merciful day is breaking,
 The night of despair is done !
 Rejoice ! on this blessed Sabbath,
 The warfare of woe has been crossed,
 The “ other side ” of the depths is gained,
 For the field has been won, and lost,
 In the battle the legions of Fever
 Lie crushed by the hosts of the Frost.

FOREST HOME, Oct. 20th, 1878.

THE BETTER LAND.

L. V. F.

White-souled—and simply grand,
This portraiture of earnest human faith,
Which passes all earth's sorrow, sin and death,
Seeking the Better Land.

Softly the shadows lie
Of Earth's bright roses, o'er her folded hands.
But tempt her not—as silently she stands,
Her spirit seeks the sky.

So sweet—so calm—so fair—
The evening breeze just lifts her floating hair,
No stain of earth, no shadow in the air
Darkens the beauty rare.

But pure, angelic grace,
Encompasses the form, and softly down,
The gleaming of an amaranthine crown,
Sheds light upon her face.

Serene and perfect peace
Sleeps on her upturned brow and lifted eyes
Reflecting that great peace beyond the skies
Where sin and sorrow cease.

White-souled—and simply grand,
This portraiture of woman's fadeless faith,
Which passing earth and life, and love and death
Seeks still a "Better Land."

WATCHING.

L. M.

An ancient town by a river's side,
Whose towers, brown and grey,
Are washed by the sullen, rushing tide,
And crumbling fast away ;
In a dim old attic, bleak and cold,
With the chill November rain,
A weary woman, brown and old,
Sits by the window-pane.

Her tear-dimmed eyes are watching far,
Where the light house beacon glows
Her withered fingers slowly move,
Knitting a pair of hose ;
A blue-eyed child stands listening
To the ringing vesper-chimes,
And hearing again the story old
She has heard a thousand times.

"They offer me homes—the neighbors do ;
'Tis kind, but I cannot go ;
For here I saw my husband's ship
Set sail for the land of snow.
Out of this window I watched her go,
Till her masts were lost to sight,
And her floating canvas, white as snow,
Was hid in the deepening night.

"Eight months would bring her back, they said
When the glad some matin chime
Was ringing clear, and garlands spread
For the holy Easter-time.

The months wore on, but she never came
And I sat watching here
Till my baby-blossom drooped and died
With the dreary dying year.

“I always knew my sailor’s brig,
By a hank of flax that streamed
From her mizzen-mast, and threads like gold
In the summer sunlight gleamed,
A yellow flake on the western wind,
Like a tress of my hair, he said—
And when he was with me, safe and sound,
The flax into hose I made.

“Eleven voyages come and go,
And ever my watchful eye
Would see, as the western breezes blow,
The flax at the masthead fly,
And hear my sailor’s cheery voice,
E’er the ship could anchor heave,
‘Annemie, here is more flax to spin,
And here is more hose to weave.’

“One day, in the dark midwinter,
A coaster drifting in,
Brought tidings how, in the Danish seas,
They boarded a brigantine,
And found her hull all riven in two,
Her crew all drowned and dead,
And a hank of flax, with sea-weed twined,
Tied fast to her mizzen-head.

“But I do not *know* my boy is dead,
And some day who can say
He may not leap out on the wharf below
And call, in his cheery way,
‘Annemie, here is more flax to spin,
And here is more hose to weave ;’
So let me watch by the window-pane,
For you see I cannot leave.

“I shall see again the smile so dear
And the love in his clear blue eye.
The angels tell me that I shall hear
His voice before I die.
He was not drowned, my strong-limbed lad,
With his brave, true knightlihood ;

It cannot be—he was all I had,
And they tell me God is good."

Meager and brown and old, she sits
By the river's ringing chime,
Blind to the whiteness of her hair,
Deaf to the bells of time ;
Blind and deaf to the tales they tell
Of bitter, saddening truth,
Thinking alone of the sea-slain love
She knew in her early youth.

Watching for eyes whose loving beams
Dank sea-weed covers o'er,
By the fir-clad hills and rushing streams
Of the snow-bound Swedish shore ;
Watching still, till the welcome breeze,
The floating signal show,
From a masthead sunk in northern seas
Full fifty years ago.

They found her once in the twilight grey,
And the chill midwinter rain
Fell on the silvered heap that lay
By the broken window pane.
A pipe and pouch beside her lay
On the little candle-stand,
And a pair of hose was tightly held
In her withered, stiffening hand.

"Look for the brig," she muttered low,
As her life ebbed fast away,
"You cannot see the masthead now,
For the fog is thick and grey ;
But his pipe is ready, his socks are dry
And the fire is clear and bright.
Keep watch ! keep looking ! the brig is nigh,
She will be in port to-night."

He never came—her sailor boy,
But out on the twilight dim
The weary soul, with a song of joy
Floated at last to him.
Under the window the white ships go,
Freighted with hopes and fears,
Without one thought of that night of woe
And its watch of fifty years.

SAN MARTINO.

L. M.

On the hill that overlooks Naples, just under the castle of St. Elmo, stands the Carthusian monastery of San Martino. The monks who formerly inhabited it were men of noble birth and fortune. It was founded in 1329 by Duke Charles of Calabria. The monks took a vow of perpetual silence, lived and ate apart and met only for prayer. Their monastery was rich in jewels and its altars elaborately and expensively decorated. These monks have been driven from their retreat and their treasures confiscated by Victor Emanuel.

“Ave Maria!” voices sing
Through cloisters dim and grey;
“Ave Maria!” echoes ring
O’er purple waves away,
Where sunset banners slowly swing
Their folds to the dying day.

The glow-worm lights its fairy lamp
Where sea-weeds kiss the shore,
Through plummy rushes, green and damp,
The golden fire-flies pour,
A white star presses its signet stamp
Each crested billow o’er.

The mandolin’s mellow, dulcet tone
Breaks on the hushed repose,
Love’s soft utterance, passion’s own,
That Italy only knows,
Drifting tenderly, downward thrown
Like leaves from a shaken rose.

Two blending shadows lie among
The shapes on the gleaming sand,
With soft words spoken in whispered tongue,
Two lovers, hand in hand,
Watch the stream as it glides along
To its grave in the grey sea sand.

No prophet mutters boding fears
Nor their passion's "deathless fire—"
Tells how its flame shall die in tears,
Its rushing stream shall tire,
As it silent glides, through cold, grey years,
To its grave of dead desire.

"Semper Silentia!" chimes the bell
From Martino's dizzy height;
Sadly its echoes ebb and swell
Above the billows bright,
Its hollow voice, like a funeral knell,
Comes wailing on the night.

'Neath grey St. Elmo's towering height,
Circled by clouds of snow,
San Martino's turrets, coldly bright,
In sunlight gleam and glow.
Founded by fair Calabria's knight,
Five hundred years ago.

Agate and jasper, pearl and gold,
Above the altars gleam,
Diamonds rare, of price untold,
Their sunbright glories stream
Down Parian cloisters, white and cold
As arctic snows, that seem.

Rare marble, hued like ocean shell,
In rich mosaic thrown,
In garlands wrought by magic spell,
Like Eden's bowers shone,
Transfixed as by a miracle,
And frozen into stone.

Here, through the hoary centuries,
'Mid death, and dust, and mould,
A priesthood wrought its mysteries
In silence still and cold—

"Semper Silentia!" in its sighs,
Their death in life is told.

Of noble birth, and fortune vast,
Lives, in their early bloom
Out from the lap of pleasure cast,
Here met their dreary doom
Of solitude, silence, prayer, and fast,
In Martino's living tomb.

Year after year they live apart,
Day drearily follows day,
No pulse is stirred, no kind words start,
As they silent meet to pray—
"Semper Silentia!" tolls each heart,
As its life slow ebbs away.

Four times an hour, o'er hill and wood,
And valleys fair beneath,
The chapel bell, with echoes dread,
Peals out its warning breath—
"Ye ghastly sons of solitude,
Draw so much nearer death!"

"Semper Silentia!" peals the bell
On the listening ear of night,
Solemnly steals its funeral knell
Across the valleys bright—
Never again will its echoes swell
From doomed Martino's height.

Its tones die out in the crash and din
Of rolling musketry;
Hotly and high the cries within
Mount upward to the sky—
"Victor Emmanuel! live the King
Of ransomed Italy!"

The day dawns fair on Martino's skies,
And her gardens white as snow,
The summer wind through the cloister sighs,
And the summer roses glow,
Glad peasant voices echoing rise
From the vine-clad depths below.

No fluttering robe the soldier sees,
Who looks from the turret high,

No incense floats among the trees,
 And fills the summer sky ;
 " Semper Silentia !" sighs the breeze,
 Weirdly and mournfully.

One lone heart, from its weight of woes,
 Is shaking its pinions free,
 One sad life to its dreary close
 Is drifting silently,
 Under the whispering olive boughs,
 Where they laid him down to die.

Last of his band, he still remained,
 When his brethren fled apace,
 Wearied, and worn, and travel-stained,
 In life's unequal race ;
 Over his features, shrunk and strained,
 The grey death shadows chase.

Not one whisper, from white lips wrung,
 Falls on the listening ears,
 For he has forgotten the crowding throng
 Of human hopes and fears—
 Forgotten the sound of the human tongue,
 Through fifty silent years

A gleam of memory, fitful now,
 In its dim, uncertain quest,
 Kindles his eye—it is often so,
 Ere a wanderer sinks to rest :
 His withered fingers tremble slow
 O'er his feebly throbbing breast.

" Do not take it," he whispered low ;
 " She was fair as flowers of spring—
 She gave it me—and *she laughed you know*—
 But she did not mean to sting—
 Bury it with me—for I go
 Where I hear my Alma sing."

" Semper Silentia !" voices sing,
 Through the ambient upper air ;
 " Semper Silentia !" answering
 From the still form sleeping there,
 His hand close clasping a broken ring,
 And a circlet of golden hair.

ONWARD.

L. V. F.

Time's a mist-enshrouded valley
Life, its river deep and wide ;
Human squadrons, crowding, rally
By its swiftly rushing tide ;
Urging mid its wild commotion
War-ships freighted heavily,
Down upon the shoreless ocean
Of a dark Eternity.

Sweeping on the long procession,
Glide the phantom frigates by,
Hasting, struggling for possession
Of some bubble as they fly.
Souls which love and peace inherit,
Hearts at war with earth and heaven,
Idle dreamer, fire-fraught spirit,
Onward by this tide are driven.

Like the rush and roar of battle
Thunder on the booming waves,
Driving fleets that reel and rattle
Down upon their yawning graves.
Hosts on maddened hosts assailing
Woo the spoiler's deadly fang,
Drowning moans of wrong and wailing
With the haughty trumpet's clang.

Ox proud soul, amid the thunder!
Win and wear a deathless name,
" Make thy mark "—engrave it under
Great ones on the scroll of fame.

Onward ! o'er that mighty river,
 Struggle on with spirit brave,
 Be the zenith star—forever
 Riding on its loftiest wave.

Onward ! still of Truth the agent,
 Bear her blazonry abroad,
 And in Life's majestic pageant
 Learn to " work the will " of God.
 O'er the dark and troubled surges,
 Battling with the stormy night,
 Honored be the aim that urges
 On the glorious cause of Right.

Though temptations without number,
 Throng and bar thy narrow way,
 There's an eye that cannot slumber,
 There's an arm to be thy stay.
 Then be strong, whate'er betide thee,
 All of joy, or all of ill—
 Shall not God, himself beside thee,
 Soothe the storm with—" Peace—be still !"

On ! to coward hearts appalling,
 Death's a pale, remorseless king ;
 But, to thee, an angel calling
 To thy realm of triumphing !
 Life be thine where Death comes never,
 Ransomed by immortal Love ;
 Passed from want and woe forever,
 Reigning with thy God above.

VICTOR.

L. M.

A stately ship is walking, with her white sails float-
ing free,
Through the softly swelling billows of a laughing
azure sea ;
The gulls are flying landward with a swift and noise-
less sweep,
And the moon steals, wan and ashen, on a hushed
and waiting deep.

Now, sweeping through the forest aisles, the night
winds fiercely pour,
Like desert beasts, that seek their prey with hoarse
and hollow roar ;
The lightning's baleful, blinding glare is whirling
down the sky,
The thunder rolling, peal on peal, its dreadartil-
lery.

The roused and angry sea lifts up his slumbering
giant form,
And answers with a hollow roar the challenge of the
storm,
His mighty wall of waters lift their billows moun-
tain high,
And black, and fathomless, his graves are yawning
fearfully.

The minute gun is silenced by the thunder of the
gale,
But shrieking o'er the water comes a shrill and
piercing wail ;

The masts are broken, the rigging gone, the canvas
rent in twain,
And through the gloom her spectral form rises, and
sinks again.

Breasting the seething billows comes a noble, manly
form,
With giant strength resisting still the fury of the
storm ;
And from the broken, shapeless wreck there rings a
cheer sublime,
The pean of a dying crew to him who dies for them.

The ship has struck—a dying wail comes moaning
on the night,
The crowding lives that swarm her deck are swal-
lowed out of sight.
The hungry Sea devours his dead—the monsters of
the deep,
Those cold and slimy, nameless things, above them
crawl and creep.

He lies upon the waters, waiting till the lightning's
glare
Shall lend its light, to let him reach the dead and
dying there ;
But with a wild and wailing moan, like fierce, re-
morseless fate,
A giant wave sweeps over them—their savior comes
too late.

Two yet remain—two little boys, with fragile limbs
and fair,
With eyes as blue as summer skies, and floating
golden hair ;
The elder lays the little one upon the stranger's
breast—
“ Take Freddy first, and leave me here—*our mother*
loved him best.”

A whelming wave has parted them—again he cleaves
his way,
Out from the midnight gloom of death, to land, and
life, and day ;

The fight is fought, the battle won—and cheer on
cheer arise,
As back he turns, to brave again, the wrath of sea
and skies.

Too late, my hero ! turn again, and cleave thy way
to land ;
The greater hero's little feet now press the golden
strand—
An angel chorus floats far down the mansions of the
blest,
To welcome little Victor—for *his Father loved him
best.*

BUILDING THE BRIDGE.

L. V. F.

We have not the slightest doubt that a better understanding North and South will be the fruit of the seed so liberally planted here by the former section in these last three months and that a full restoration of the ancient friendly relations will come in due time.—*New Orleans Times.*

The Southern people will understand now, if they failed to understand before, that the North bears no grudge against the South, has no disposition to stir up strife for partisan effect, is not indifferent to Southern wants and would gladly make sympathy in suffering a starting point of unrestrained and kindly intercourse. At any rate this is the position of the North.—*New York Times.*

From the sunny Land of Palms arose a wailing fierce
and fearful,
Thro' the flush of flowers and leafage pouring to the
brassy sky—
Worn and weary with long watching toiled the
friends so tried and tearful
Whose ready hands and hearts at first responded
to that cry ;

While before the scourge appalling,
 Like to shrivelled blossoms falling,
 Fell the stricken, and the wail went up, "Help!
 save us, for we die!"

No warrior's bugle blast replied, no drums, or can-
 non thundering—
 Sleeping in the sunny silence slumbered all the
 trumpet hands;
 But a little "font of type" upbore, and while the
 world was wondering,
 Its "still small voice," a message sent to earth's
 remotest lands;
 And ten thousand pulses waken,
 As the Northern Pines are shaken,
 When the Press calls into action hero hearts and
 helping hands.

Then across the "bloody chasm," where they tell
 us hatred rages,
 (Politician's blatant tirade, and the demagogue's
 harangue,
 Urging on a blind vendetta worthy of the Middle
 Ages;)
 From great heads of honest workers, swift a noble
 structure sprang,
 Of a grandeur most supernal,
 May that beauty be eternal,
 A bridge—with angels passing o'er to soften every
 pang.

Traitors told us that on one side red Victory was
 riding,
 Scything down the South as foemen, as they battled
 hilt to hilt;
 On the other dark Defeat within her sullen cave lay
 hiding,
 Dumb, brooding o'er the ashes where her dearest
 blood was spilt.
 Yes, deep doubtings did assail us—
 Would they hear us? would they fail us?
 But—"Let it be," the people said—and so the bridge
 was built.

Silent—as when through the midnight silver cinctured Aldebaran,
Stands a warder on the ramparts watching westward o'er the war;
With his energies of iron nerved to deeds of dauntless daring,
Marches Manhood to the rescue—swiftly forging bolt and bar,
Till the fair foundation ridges
Of this grandest of all bridges,
Lay suspended, like a blessing, o'er the black abyss afar.

Silent—as the sisters seven—“stars serenest in the Heaven,”
Shedding sweetest lambent luster on the silken sward below;
Came fair woman in her beauty—in her eyes the summer levin
Veiled in mist, and quenched its flashes as the tears of sorrow flow;
Then in long progressive marches
See her white hands raise the arches,
Of this bridge, to reach a people hallowed by a mighty love.

Silent—like the crystal dropping of the dainty dew-fall drifting
Over seared and scorched savannas, where the blooms lay sorely curled,
Came the children bringing little gifts like snow-flakes softly sifting
Till the angel chrism had every bolt, and bar, and arch impearled.
Childhood, royal in its dower,
In the purples of its power,
A benison from “little things” that guide and rule the world.

Thus the people went on silently, that noble bridge upbuilding,
And they sculptured on its key-stone not the eagle, but the dove;
When t'was finished came a lustre, like the smile of God, engilding

Earth's grandest superstructure with a blessing from
above.

Christ, the merciful, the gilder,
For the Christlike earthly builder
Was Charity—another and a better name for Love.

FOREST HOME, Nov. 14th, 1878.

ROSES.

L. M.

“The flowers of secrecy and silence.”

“Roses! my secret keep ;”
Whispers a maiden from her casement dim,
Where, on the night, their passion-laden hymn
The summer roses sweep.

“I tell it but to thee,
Sweet Maiden's Blush and Woodland Margaret white
What, underneath the fair Magnolia's height,
He whispered low to me.

“No jewel-laden ships,
Flying white-winged before the summer breeze,
Bear half such treasure from the coral seas
As whispered from his lips.

“When, from its kingly throne,
The proud head bending, looked into my eyes,
And murmured soft, beneath the summer skies—
‘My beautiful! my own!’

“Roses! my secret keep—
These fairy visions, holy mysteries,
These golden gleams from Passion's paradise,
‘Mid folded petals sleep.”

“Roses ! my secret keep !”
Whispers a woman, pale and sorrow-worn,
By crimson clusters sadly gazing down,
 With eyes that fain would weep.

A thousand buried hours
Lie coiled within the fragrant crimson leaves,
A thousand dreams, each balmy breeze upheaves
 From the dew-laden flowers.

A thousand memories
Rise on the sweetness of their odorous dews,
And flaunt their mocking, rainbow-tinted hues
 Before those haunted eyes.

With gaze of mute despair,
And desert thirst, she drinks their fragrance in,
Type of a bliss she never more shall win
 By penance, or by prayer.

“Roses ! her secret keep !”
Sing the soft zephyrs of the blushing June
Round a lone gravestone, where their rhythmic tune,
 Its mellow murmurs sweep.

“Unfold your crimson wings,
Sweep your white banners, fair as Alpine snow,
Where round her grave the summer breezes blow,
 And the lone mock-bird sings.

“Watch o’er her dreamless sleep ;
Nor tell of visions vain, and sorrows past,
That, blind, and voiceless, found their rest at last—
 Roses ! her secret keep !”

FONTANELLE.

L. V. F.

Logan Fontanelle, the brave young chieftain of the Omahas, was slain by a band of Sioux near Loupe Fork, K. T., in August, 1855. Alone and almost exhausted he fled before his enemies and at last thought himself beyond the reach of danger, when in a valley just in front of him he saw fifty braves starting up the hill and meeting him. They were a party returning from the pursuit of his people. He changed his direction immediately and attempted to escape, but his horse was too much exhausted to bear him with sufficient speed. With savage yells the Sioux plunged their lance-heads in their horses' flanks and gained upon him. As the foremost approached within good shooting distance Logan turned suddenly and sent a bullet through his brain; then reloading as he urged his steed along he soon made a second bite the dust; then another and another until four were strewn upon the plain. Just then, however, as he was again reloading, his horse stumbled and fell and the whole band rushed upon him before he had recovered from the shock. He was shot with bullets and arrows, gashed with tomahawks and pierced with lances, notwithstanding all which he arose mid his foes and with his clubbed rifle and hunting knife he piled around him five prostrate bodies—fell at last with his back upon their corpses and expired still fighting.

Thus Logan Fontanelle departed and his noble spirit was followed to the "Land of Souls" by the cries and lamentations of his nation and the sympathies and aspirations of the brave in every land.

Woe for the proud departed!
Bowed in grief.
Wail for the lion-hearted
Warrior-chief!

Not from the white man's steeple
 Moans thy knell,
 But from thy stricken people
 Fontanelle.

They wail thee in thy mystic
 Temple's dome,
 The shades of thy majestic
 Forest home.
 Like some great warrior-eagle
 Fought and fell,
 Their Sachem, brave and regal—
 Fontanelle.

Sublime and self-reliant,
 Stern he stood,
 High heart and brow defiant
 Raining blood,
 Death-waters like a river
 Rage and swell,
 Then didst thou blench? No—never!
 Fontanelle.

Like Death himself, thou'rt scything
 Down the foe!
 Around thee they are writhing
 Prone and low.
 Yet shadows darkly, dimly,
 O'er thee fell;
 Thy soul fled, strong and sternly,
 Fontanelle.

Thy clay in scorn they taunted,
 Stark and frore;
 The owls' cry from the haunted
 Sycamore,
 Echoed the Sionx' sharp, savage
 Whoop and yell,
 Over their deeds of ravage,
 Fontanelle.

The springtime blooms in gladness
 Everywhere,
 Yet dwells a tone of sadness
 On the air;

And rhythmic winds are sighing
Down the dell,
Where thy dead heart is lying,
Fontanelle.

In thine ancestral bowers,
Long ago,
Where through their banks of flowers
Streamlets flow ;
A voice, like some soft-ringing
Fairy bell,
Was wont to greet thee, singing—
Fontanelle.

Did life-joys like a river
Sweeping by,
In death's dread moment quiver
O'er thine eye ?
And, did thy brave heart dying,
Strive to quell
Thought of that lone one, crying
Fontanelle ?

Did one sweet face, elysian,
Fond and dear,
Seem to thy failing vision
Floating near ?
Did eyes that thou wert loving
Passing well,
Look forth to find their roving
Fontanelle ?

Aye ! Eyes watch from thy fortress
Palisade,
Keen glances of the portress
Pierce the shade :
And footsteps like the markless
Fleet gazelle,
Come bounding through the darkness—
Fontanelle.

That eye-beam ne'er shall greet thee
Home again,
Her fleet foot spring to meet thee
O'er the plain ;

Yet all the world, admirant,
Owns thy spell,
Oh! Glory's young aspirant,
Fontanelle.

We've known no sadder story
Heretofore ;
Yet live—live in thy glory
Evermore ;
Let age to age thy stately
Triumphs tell,
Thou'st perished—but how greatly,
Fontanelle.

VIOLETS.

L. M.

Soft through the gold and purple gates of even
The day has passed, with tresses dropping dew ;
White-winged the young moon mounts the glowing heaven,
Shedding soft radiance o'er its cloudless blue ;
Low sighs the south wind to the languid hours
That watch with dreamy eyes the passing day,
While mine look down through tears on fragrant flowers
That talk to me of loved ones far away.
Blue eyes, like theirs, are lovingly turning,
Voices, like theirs, call sweetly and low—
“ Come to us *now*, for the west is burning,
Come ere it darkens—ah ! no, ah ! no.”

Sweet-scented violets, 'mid green leaves lying,
Look up to me with eyes of deepest blue,
And bring me loving glances, swiftly flying
From loving eyes of their own tender hue,

And bear me on their purple pinions westward,
 Where brown wings flutter in a leafy nest
 And cradle me to slumber, softly nestled
 In peaceful shelter on a faithful breast.
 Eyes of my soul far westward are turning,
 Voices I love call sweetly and low—
 “Come to us *now*, for the west is burning,
 Come ere it darkens—ah ! no, ah ! no.”

How many shadows 'mid their leaves are lying,
 How many memories on their odors rise
 Of purple mountain sides where day is dying,
 Of crimson glories crowning sunset skies ;
 Of still, white faces, where love's smile yet lingers
 On purple pillows softly laid to rest,
 With purple violets held in nerveless fingers
 Breathing their fragrance o'er a pulseless breast.
 Arms of my soul far westward are turning,
 Quivering heart-strings answering low—
 “Come to us *now*, for the west is burning,
 Come ere it darkens—ah ! no, ah ! no.”

BEYOND THE SEA.

L. V. F. TO MADAME LE VERT.

Would I could see again thy soft brown tresses
 By southern breezes blown,
 And answer to thy gentle arms' caresses,
 My hands within thine own.
 Would I could list the music flowing ever
 From that sweet lip of thine ;
 It is a rosy chalice—brimming over—
 And, kindness is its wine.

How shall I tell thee how our hearts have missed thee,
Dear wanderer o'er the sea?
Or murmur of the many prayers that blest thee,
Fondly and fervently?
Didst thou not feel them as the west wind kissed thee,
Far o'er the ocean's foam?
Didst thou not know when its light wing caressed thee
T'was from the loved at home?

Thou art afar, where legion-haunted castles
O'erhang the "bounding Rhine,"
And close the peasant's lowly cottage nestles
Beneath the laughing vine.
Or, mid the "snow-clad hills," where like a streamer
Bright Borealis floats upon the wind,
The birth-place of the good and gentle Bremer,
And noble hearted Lind.

Far through the famed Alhambra thou hast wandered,
Where Moorish shadows kneel;
And Spanish domes whose vaulted halls have thundered
To—"Leon and Castile!"
The misty Jura, and the Alpine ranges
With rich melodious swell,
Have sung to thee of all the mighty changes
That swept the land of Tell.

And thou hast looked upon those ruins solemn,
The palace, arch, and dome,
With fallen architrave and prostrate column
Of old imperial Rome.
Where, like to life, gleamed outward from their niches
The Cenci's pallid face;
The sweet Madonna, the surpassing riches
Of Fornarina's grace.

Fair Venice shone above thy swift gondola
That skimmed the bright lagoon,
As through an amber-tinted ameola
Shines out the summer moon.
And classic Athens, o'er her temples hoary
Still keeping guarded trust,
Has whispered in thine ear her olden story
Of ages gone to dust.

Thou hast gazed on Fontainebleau, the ancient Louvre ;
 And where on every breeze
 The gay tri-color floats in beauty over
 The stately Tuilleries.
 And thou hast past the haughty, frowning portals
 Of many a gallery
 Where stalked in days gone by that dread of mortals,
 The "Man of Destiny."

Then "Caledonia wild" spread out before thee
 The treasures of her own,
 Sweet Abbotsford and Ayr, with Sterling hoary,
 And glorious Bannockburn.
 And "Merrie England," led thee from the splendors
 Of castellated domes,
 O'erturning with ten thousand storied wonders,
 Unto her "hearts and homes."

Still, as the changing panorama shifted,
Thy place was ever shown.
 Within the circle of the great and gifted,
 A station—all thine own.
 For there thou standest—all serenely
 In loveliness enshrined ;
 As if to show how great is she, and queenly,
 Whose monarchy is MIND.

SWEET PEAS.

L. M.

"A single sense, or a single memory is touched, and a thrill runs through countless others. The smell of autumn woods the color of dying fern, may turn, by a subtile transubstantiation, into pleasures and faces that will never come again ; a red sunset and a windy seashore into a last farewell and the regret of a lifetime."

She sat by the fire ; lone and worn,
 Her brown hair flecked with gray ;
 While the bells without were ringing in
 The coming of Christmas day.

I laid on her knee a little gift,
 (As I held her hand in mine)
With a bunch of sweet peas on a Christmas card,
 The motto—"For auld lang syne."

She looked at the flowers—then into my eyes,
 While over her features swept
The storm of a sudden, wild surprise,
 As faces that long had slept
Rose up from the wave, and the grassy mound,
 In their early girlhood's bloom,
And voices of old familiar sound
 Came echoing through the room.

We stand in a circle, clad in white,
 And girdled with ribbons blue,
With sweet peas lying upon each breast,
 Of the dawn's first rosy hue ;
Laughing and singing, glad and gay,
 In our girlhood's golden glow,
In the sunlight of old Commencement day,
 Ah ! how many years ago !

She stands apart—and her deep brown eyes
 Are searching among the throng ;
And a laughing comrade quick describes
 Soft glances answering
From bold, black eyes, while dreams arise
 As fair as the cloudless noon,
Of "the old, old story told again,"
 Beneath a September moon.

The changing ghosts of the long ago
 Sweep by on the wintry blast ;
Song, and sighing, and joy, and woe,
 Have faded—the dream is past—
Two old, sad women sit clasping hands,
 While salt tears glistening shine
On a bunch of sweet peas on a Christmas card.
 And its motto—"For auld lang syne."

WAKING THE WILDERNESS.

THE LAST POEM WRITTEN BY L. V. F.

Long years and years, the wilderness, in regal beauty
 slept,
As did the enchanted Princess whom the bans of
 Faerie kept
In slumber for a century, until a princely knight
Should come to break that bondage with his glance
 of love and light.
October decks, to-day, the sleeping solitude—a
 Queen,
In robes of crimson, emerald and opalescent sheen ;
Enveils her with the mists that float from ame-
 thystine pyres,
And crown her with a coronal of ruddy, sunlit fires :
For why ! The princely knight has come, so loyal
 and so true,
With love light from the Old World as a blessing to
 the New.

This wild and lovely mountain land, as fair as Eden
 isles—
We see her sleeping eyelids lift ; we see her as she
 smiles
In gladsome solitude ; she wakes—at first in mute
 surprise,
With hands uplifted, like a child's, above her daz-
 zled eyes ;
She sees her prince's sunflushed brow ; she sees such
 glorious things
In his triumphal train, that wake her wildest won-
 derings.

Smiles sink in sweetest laughter, as she swiftly comprehends,
 In meeting thus his eyes, that here her ban of bondage ends.
 And now we have a bridal day—a wedding, brave and true,
 The glory of the Old World to the grandeur of the New.

He, bearing in his breast the love of lion-hearted sires ;
 She, holding riches drowsing in her undeveloped fires ;
 He, bringing intellectual lore for many a storied shrine ;
 She, yielding up her hoarded wealth from many a darksome mine ;
 His buoyant courage striking forth in labor of his hands,
 While she unveils the treasures of broad and lovely lands :
 Here, Albion's braves and Scotia's sons, and Erin's hearts of fire,
 From castle, court, and cottage home, and ivy-mantled spire :
 We hail you all, as brothers born, we bless the union true
 Of this royal pair of lovers—the Old World and the New.

DEAD ON THE FIELD.

L. M.

The golden beams of a summer's sun
 Have faded away from a field hard won,
 And flaunting aloft on her silver car
 The fair moon smiles on the conqueror :

Roll-call, challenging echo, "here,"
 Halts, at a name to each soldier dear ;
 Out on the air, like a bugle-note pealed,
 Rings back the answer, "dead on the field."

True to his standard, "For God and the Right,"
 Faithful and fearless, he led on the fight,
 Clarion-like rang his word of command,
 Death in the stroke of his gallant right hand,
 Flashing his sword in the beams of the sun,
 " Cheer, my brave boys, for the victory's won !"
 Bleeding and pale, from his saddle-bow reeled,
 Dauntless, exultant, " but dead on the field."

Mourn not the hero, triumphant and true,
 Strew not his grave with the cypress and yew,
 Plant o'er his bosom the evergreen tree,
 " So in our hearts let his memory be."
 Never that prond head to victor shall bow,
 Shame of defeat never cloud the fair brow,
 Never that strong arm to foeman shall yield,
 Peerless, triumphant, though " dead on the field."

Mourn him not, loved ones who kneel by his side,
 Father, and mother, and sister, and bride ;
 Faithful to death, to his country and you,
 Loyal and chivalrous, tender and true.
 Wreathe for his forehead the laurel and bay,
 Smile, as you lay him beneath the cold clay,
 Fair as the sunlight his name stands revealed,
 True to his colors till " dead on the field."

" Fair as the moon " shall his memory be,
 " Clear as the sun," shine in hearts of the free,
 " Terrible " soundeth his name to the foe
 As a strong " army with banners " aglow :
 Still shall that name at each roll-call be heard,
 Each head uncovered, and bowed at the word,
 Each soldier's answer, like trumpet-call pealed,
 Sound his proud requiem, " dead on the field."

Soldier of fortune ! in battle of life,
 Would you be conqueror, still, in the strife ?
 Stout must your heart be and willing your hand,
 Faithful through shine or though shadow to stand.

Nailing your standard secure to the mast,
Safe ride the tempest, though torn by its blast,
Still let your strong arm the battle ax wield,
Ne'er strike your colors till "dead on the field."

Soldier of honor! free lance would ye thrust,
Champion be for the "right and the just?"
Though the world's scorning shriek higher and
 higher
Stand to your guns! let them belch forth their fire.
Manning your battlements, stand for the right.
Staunch and unwavering, lead on the fight,
E'en though your creed with your heart's blood be
 sealed,
Martyr to principle, "dead on the field."

Soldier, enlisted in pure paths to tread!
Following on where the Master has led,
Let not ingratitude turn you away,
Ridicule weaken, or scorn lead astray;
What though a thousand should fail at the test?
One sinner ransomed were worth all the rest.
Faithful through life, unto charity's guild,
True write your epitaph, "dead on the field."

Soldier, or Christian! where'er ye may stand,
Under what banner, upheld by what hand;
Watchful and wary of friend or of foe,
Truthful and tender, in weal or in woe,
Stand by your colors, through war's wildest blast,
Fight for them faithfully, true to the last,
Heavenward bearing, on stainless shield,
The benison—"Dead on the Battle Field."

ASHES.

L. V. F.

Thou art lord of all peoples and nations ;
And humbly they bow at thy shrine ;
Thou art despot of all desolations,
And all the world's despots are thine.
All ages, all creeds, all conditions,
Supinely must sink to thy sway
With an imbecile, abject submission—
Grim god of the kingdom—Decay !

There is never a glory that flashes,
But is ruined and rots in thy rust ;
The world's wail is " ashes to ashes,"
Its heart-ery is—" dust unto dust !"
All things that we prize we surrender,
The gems of the past—and to-day,
The pride of our life, and its splendor,
Slow smouldering into Decay.

We are sore with the fret and the fever,
We wander bewildered and blind—
But calmly *thou* watchest forever
The " mills of the gods " as they grind.
Gaunt wheels with their dirge-like intoning,
That are wearing the old world away,
In a mournful, monotonous droning—
The mill-stones of Dust and Decay.

Thy face that is shrunken and shrivelled
Shows out like a Famine in stone ;
And thy cynical curses are drivelled
From lips that are misery' own.

Thy forehead is lurid in pallor,
 Thy locks are dishevelled and grey,
 And thy vestments still reek with the squalor
 That reigns in thy kingdom—Decay.

But thine eyes—*they* are bitter and burning,
 Like the wine of thy lees,
 And thy nameless expression, returning
 Our gaze, seems to fire us—and freeze.
 They are fateful, and fell, and abysmal,
 Our golden gods crumble to clay
 Before them—dull, dreary, and dismal,
 Dissolving to Death and Decay.

On graves that are sunken and sodden,
 Is planted thy Pompeian throne ;
 On souls that are tortured and trodden,
 On hearts that are turning to stone,
 Is rested thy merciless pinion,
 Scorched wings that are gory and grey—
 Deep laid is thy dusky dominion
 In the blackened fire-crypts of Decay.

There the fires never fail for our crying—
 Thy furnace-flames scoff at our fears—
 They can never be stayed by our sighing,
 They are not to be quenched by our tears,
 While our jewels melt down into cinders,
 And our idols dissolve into clay,
 We are helpless—defenseless—naught hinders
 The on-coming doom of Decay.

Dost thou sneer at Love's roses and laurels?
 Dost question us—"What is your Fame?"
 Dost thou smile at our "minds" and our "morals?"
 And ask—"Which is Honor—or Shame?"
 Dost mutter "What matter if guerdons
 Or crosses your strivings shall pay?
 If you carry life's crowns, or its burdens,
 When both shall be swept to Decay?"

"And why do you scorn to be carried
 To rot with the pauper—unless
 You hope that your sins shall be buried
 In your grand mausoleum—Success?"

The satire is bitter and biting
That lurks in this insolent way,
Of clouding quick lives with the blighting
And mould of thy kingdom—Decay!

Thou art caustic, and cold, and chaotic,
Thy calmness scotchs at us in scorn;
And thy cruel command is despotic—
"To dust with all things that are born!"
As dust then we drift down the current
Of winds that are wand'ring for aye,
For thou signest on all the death-warrant—
Inflexible doom of Decay.

All joys that the spirit remembers—
All loves, all beliefs, all desires—
Fall away into idle, dead embers,
Burnt out in the fiercest of fires,
Thou art lord of all peoples and nations,
Supinely we sink to thy sway;
Thou art despot of all desolations—
Grim god of the kingdom—Decay!

DEAD.

I. M.

Slowly the night wanes—dead leaves faintly flutter
With ghostly taps upon the window-pane;
Sadly the night winds sob and moan and mutter,
Drearly falls the chill December rain;
Pale phantoms, flitting by with wings outspread,
Echo the baleful cry, "Bring out your dead."

Bring out the buds and blossoms of your childhood,
And lay them softly in the clay cold ground;

Gather the faded violets of the wildwood,
And strew their scentless petals o'er the mound;
Let not one fragrant memory rear its head,
To dark forgetfulness, "bring out your dead."

Bring out your day-dreams, lay them on the altar—
The faded, fruitless dreams of faithless years;
Light up the flame, nor let your fingers falter,
Nor quench the sacrifice with useless tears.
With white lips firmly set, and measured tread,
To sacrificial fire, "bring out your dead!"

Bring out your memories of friendship's fervor,
The lying legends told of "faith and trust,"
With iron hand your sheeted dead uncover,
Take up the broken links, all stained with rust,
And cast them in where billows break o'erhead,
To surging Lethean streams, "bring out your dead!"

Bring out your burning fever-dream of passion,
The regal lie that held your life in sway,
Smite the fair idol of your soul's creation—
It shivers at your touch—it was but clay—
Its shattered fragments at your feet lie spread,
To desolation's dust—"bring out your dead!"

Bring out your dreams of fame, and pride, and power
And lay them in the vault of dull decay;
Bring out the wreaths of dead ambition's hour,
The withered laurel, and the scentless bay,
All vainly seek ye thus to crown your head,
To Failure's sepulchre, "bring out your dead!"

Bring out the snowy daisies of your spring-time,
Bring out the roses of your summer day,
Gather the scattered fruits of waning autumn,
And lay them 'neath the valley's clods away,
With "dust to dust!" bow low your wearied head,
"Ashes to ashes!" thus "bring out your dead."



Yours Sincerely
Lide f Merimether.

SHADOW LAND.

BOOK II.

“ Shadows we are and shadows we pursue.”

SHADOW LAND.

L. M.

"Shadows we are, and shadows we pursue."

Over distant mountains drooping,
Pearl and gray the curtains fall ;
Misty shades come through them, trooping
To the sounding autumn call ;
Hushed and still, the forests listen
To the footfalls of the band,
And their garments gleam and glisten
With the hues of Shadow Land.

Soft their fairy feet are creeping
O'er the maple, beech, and pine ;
Bright-hued, elfin shapes lie sleeping
In the sumach, oak and vine ;
Arch on arch, like rainbows meeting,
Tower the forest giants grand,
Warm and glowing, fair and fleeting,
As the dreams of Shadow Land.

Rainbow wings are softly flitting
Through the deep, entangled wood ;
Ghostly shadows silent sitting
In its twilight solitude ;
Fairy echoes sweet are ringing,
From the river's gleaming strand,
As the elves are softly singing
Syren songs of Shadow Land.

Rustling wings above me hover,
Whispering echoes to me call,

SHADOW LAND.

Elfin hands my eye-lids cover,
 Fairy footsteps round me fall;
 Misty shapes are dimly falling
 Through the wood, with beckoning hand,
 And their spirit voices calling
 To their home, in Shadow Land.

Softly sweep the nut-brown tresses,
 Sweet and balmy, floats the breath,
 Warm and glowing press the kisses
 Of the autumn's crimson mouth;
 Gleaming round me—floating o'er me,
 Troop the dreamy, wooing band;
 Earth and Heaven fade before me,
 And I dwell in Shadow Land.

* * * * *

Through the meadows, blossom-laden,
 In the rosy, blushing dawn,
 Trip two blue-eyed, laughing maidens,
 Singing to the glad May morn;
 Fairy pinions o'er them rising,
 Fairy sponsors round them stand,
 With the morning dews baptizing—
 "Daughters of the Shadow Land!"

O'er each swiftly pulsing bosom,
 Course the glowing veins of youth,
 All the sweets of bud and blossom
 Dwell within the rosy mouth;
 Dream-eyed Passion's dusky tresses,
 Ripple o'er each snowy hand,
 And he wafts his burning kisses
 From the realms of Shadow Land.

And beside him, proud Ambition,
 Regal head, and eye of fire,
 With the dreams of his creation
 Wooes them onward—upward—higher—
 Till the brave, dead years shall reckon
 On their pages none so grand,
 Still his maddening fingers beckon
 Onward into Shadow Land.

But behind them slowly creeping,
Steal the wan and ghastly Years,
All their beams in shadows steeping,
All their blossoms drenched with tears;
And the gleaming wings that hovered,
Bleaching lie on burning sand,
And the darkling stream is covered
With the wrecks of Shadow Land.

Dust and darkness dimly cover
Buried Friendship's broken vow,
Dusky pinions hover over
Trusts betrayed and lying low;
Records of the "old, old story,"
Scattered with relentless hand,
Dreams of love, and pride and glory,
Sleeping cold in Shadow Land.

Loving arms no longer press me
In their soft clasp, as of yore,
Loving lips no longer kiss me,
Liquid blue eyes smile no more;
Memory's swinging gate discloses
Angels of the household band,
Sleeping under snow-white roses,
Dwellers pale in Shadow Land.

And as memories circle o'er me,
And their darkling shadows teem,
Oft the queries press me sorely,
Do I wake? or do I dream?
What *is* shadow? what *is* human?
Thus the vexing questions stand;
Which, the worn and wearied woman?
Which, the elf of Shadow Land?

Shall a life be ours, where never
Will the soul unanswered call?
Where the real liveth ever,
And the shadows from us fall?
Shall the spirit, soaring higher,
Circled by a shining band,
Bathed in God's own sun-bright fire,
Dwell no more in Shadow Land?

TECUMSEH'S FOOT.

L. V. F.

“At the commencement of the war of 1812, this noted warrior after many conferences with the British at Detroit, journeyed to the South for the purpose of inciting the Indians to take up arm against the Americans. He visited all the important Creek towns enlisting all whom he could upon the side of England. One of the chiefs, Tustinuggee Thlucco (Big Warrior), still remained true to the Federal government, which so enraged Tecumseh, that he declared in the counsel that he would leave immediately; and that they might be convinced that his mission was of the Great Spirit, when he arrived at Detroit, he would stamp with his foot upon the ground, and shake down every house in Tookabatcha. The chief was quite unmoved by this threat, but the people, half believing, began to count the numbers of days required for the Shawnee chief to reach Detroit. One day a rumbling noise was heard in the earth, the houses of Tookabatcha reeled and tottered, and the people ran about, vociferating, ‘Tecumseh has got to Detroit! We feel the shaking of his foot!’ That an earthquake did take place at that time, is attested by many of the early settlers of Alabama.”

The eve crept westward—dusky shades
Stole through the forest fanes,
And winds from out the everglades
Sighed o’er the feathery canes:
Low humming, on the verge of night,
The beetle wheeled his droning flight,
And still at intervals was heard
The chirp of some small, restless bird,
In thicket close, on downy nest,
Yet not quite satisfied to rest:

The cricket blithe, and Katy-did
Amid embowering branches hid,
Made shrilly echoes ring ;
And half assured, and half afraid,
The black bat twanged his leathern wing,
And flitted through the shade.
Far out on lonely woodland hill
The melancholy whip-poor-will
Took up her mournful strain ;
And though 'twas scarcely nightfall, yet
The fires were lit, the guards were set,
The Braves in council stern had met,
On old Coosawda's plain.

In ranks within a circle wide,
Were ranged the warriors, side by side,
Each in his war paint ; unconcern
Lay cold upon each visage stern,
Like red volcanoes, crowned with snow
That mocks the fires that burn below.
No word, no whisper, not a sound
Broke on the ear, as slowly round
The calumet was passed ;
Then forth from out the shadows rose
A stately chief, before whose blows
Full oft, the gathering frowning foes
Had quailed, and fled aghast.
Crownless, yet kingly, forth he stepped,
One glance around the circle swept,
Glittering and icy cold, as there
He saw, not men, but vacant air—
Not arms of might and hands of blood,
But calm expanse of field, or flood.
In silence thus he stands awhile,
Anon, a deep and murky smile
Flits o'er his swarthy visage, now
The slumber lifts from off his brow,
As cold dark mists at morning's light
Roll upward from the mountain height :
His soul has wakened, from his eye
It shrieks, and startles like the cry
Of famished eagle ; from his heart
The words of power and passion start,
Like to the rushing wind that brings
The fierce night-tempest on its wings.

"Tecumseh has dwelt where the thunder-god wakes,
And the Great Spirit looks at himself in the Lakes ;
The Big Lakes, that mirror the Manitou's form,
His smile in the sunshine, his frown in the storm ;
And the Shawnee has come at his bidding, to show
The secret approach of your merciless foe.

" His deep thoughts grow deeper, as star-fires appear,
His stout heart beats faster, his vision is clear ;
When the cloud and the darkness hang over his land
His voice waxes louder, and stronger his hand,
As the night calleth out, on her shadowy way,
The hoarse rush of rivers, unheard in the day.

" Like the far-sounding sweep of the rock-torrent water,
He hears the deep roll of the red stream of slaughter ;
With the eye of a prophet, he sees where the shore
Of the Coosa is crimson with warrior's gore ;
And his soul, like a shaft from a strong bended bow,
Is quivering, and leaping, to speed on the foe !

" Then listen ! the Georgian has seized on your lands,
Like the slave dogs, ye heard, ye obeyed his commands ;
His power around you will slowly entwine,
Until, as the great oak is crushed by the vine,
Ye fail, like weak women, and perish at length,
In the snares of his cunning, the toils of his strength.

" Tecumseh has called ye, at distance, and near,
Saying, dig up the hatchet, and sharpen the spear ;
Let the symbol of faith, and the peace-pipe be broken,
Ho ! send forth the red stick—a terrible token !
But his words to the wandering winds ye have cast,
And the voice of his warning, unheeded has passed.

" He has stood by the mounds of your mighty and dread,
He has called on the souls of your sepulchred dead,

By the bones of your fathers, that round us lie sleeping,
By the tears of your mothers, low over them weeping;
By the hills of Coosawda, their ancient domain,
He has called on their children—he called them in vain.

Tustinuggee Thlucca ! your heart's blood is white ;
A chief in the wigwam, a coward in fight ;
You will not believe, from the far frozen north,
By the Manitou's mandate, Tecumseh came forth
To warn his red children of evil and show
By the spells of a prophet, the foot of the foe.

“ You yet shall believe—when he sees the Big
Lakes,
He will stamp on the ground till the Thunder-bird
wakes,
It will shake down your lodges, and bury your fires,
It will rouse the old bones in the mounds of your
sires ;
You yet shall believe—in a moment of dread,
When it shall not avail you—Tecumseh has said !”

Days passed. The people anxiously,
And timidly looked forth,
They feared that champion bold and free,
Red ruler of the North :
Yet sate their chiefs inactive all,
Within their vine-clad village wall,
For little heeded they,
If true, or false, the words he spoke,
Until conviction o'er them broke,
And to the truth their souls awoke
Upon a later day ;
When burning on the midnight air,
High streamed a comet's blazing glare ;
Abroad its baleful glow was shed,
The Coosa murmured in his bed,
And heaved, and tossed amain ;
Unearthly lights, the billows took,
Then reeled the hills, as thunder-struck,
And Tookabatcha swayed, and shook,
On old Coosawda's plain :

The people gaze aghast, as falls,
 Each after each, the village walls,
 They shriek—then as the chiefs appear,
 Their white lips mutter fast in fear—
 “The Shawnee Brave! be still! be mute!
 We feel the shaking of his foot!”

GWYNN ARAUN.

L. M.

Where Time's mantle dim and sable
 In oblivion vanisheth,
 Once there dwelt a race called Fable,
 In the golden age of Myth;
 Where Utopia's singing river
 Into Dreamland's valley pours,
 Fairy visions dance and quiver
 Round its misty moonlit shores.

There Gwynn Araun lived and flourished,
 Founder of a happy race,
 Who all kindly virtues cherished,
 Born to brighten, and to bless;
 Knowing naught of false pretenses,
 Living by the golden rule,
 Eye, and ear, and soul, and senses
 Only knew the beautiful.

And they shunned the sultry noon-day,
 Where the glaring Real gleams,
 Dwelling where the misty moon-ray
 Silvers o'er the land of dreams;
 Taking any shape that pleased them,
 Learning any lore at will,
 Where the whim or fancy seized them
 Wandering invisible.

And they talked with streams and flowers,
Learned the lore of stars and trees,
Sang their songs with clouds and showers,
Birds, and butterflies, and bees,
Answered back the squirrel's chatter
Through the deep entangled wood,
Knew each insect's chirp and twitter,
In its sylvan solitude.

In his airy flights, Gwynn Araun
Rode a horse with shining wings,
Bearing him from planets barren,
To the worlds where summer sings ;
And a magic lute he carried,
At whose music glad and gay,
Guilt and Grief, with footsteps hurried,
Faint and trembling, fled away.

Once a syren voice he fancied,
Calling from the singing streams,
Asking questions never answered
In the shadow-land of Dreams ;
As on problems dark, he pondered,
Searching through the dim Ideal,
All unwittingly, he wandered
Into regions of the Real ;

To a land where shine and shadow,
Wailing woe, and laughing mirth,
Arid plain, and blooming meadow,
Make the mingled scenes of Earth ;
And he wanders through its mazes,
Gardens bright, and forests wild ;
Pleased and wondering, he gazes,
Like a sunny-hearted child ;

Till at last his eyes alighted
On a Sage with silvered head,
And he straightway him invited
To a feast by Nature spread ;
Food to meet a monarch's wishes,
Spices sweet, of worth untold,
Luscious fruits on jewelled dishes,
Vintage rare, in cups of gold.

But his comrade, scorning fable,
 Saw with eyes of flesh alone,
 And maintained that at his table,
 Food or vintage there were none ;
 Only leaves, all dead and dying,
 Which the early frost had nipped,
 Only draught unsatisfying,
 From the babbling streamlet dipped.

Taunt, and jest and sneer he showered,
 Till Gwynn Araun, wounded sore,
 And by sorrow overpowered,
 Fled from Earth forevermore ;
 But, as down the hoary ages,
 Time's light sandal steals apace,
 Sometimes still, among the Sages,
 Wanders one of Araun's race.

Hearing but the voice of duty,
 Heeding laugh, nor sneer, nor gibe,
 Seeing only forms of beauty,
 With the instinct of his tribe ;
 And again he spreads the banquet
 By the hand of nature dressed,
 And with haughty smile, and languid,
 Saunters in, the bidden guest.

And again, with scornful laughter,
 Is the cruel arrow hurled,
 Poisoned weapons follow after
 From the mob you call "the world ;"
 Till Gwynn Araun, lone and weary,
 Fainting on Earth's arid sand,
 From a life all bleak and dreary,
 Hides him in his Fatherland.

Lift your trumpet, Sage ! and blow it ;
 Hurl your last envenomed dart—
 "Here another hare-brained Poet,
 Perished of a broken heart ;
 Just because we sane folk wouldn't
 All turn madmen on the spot ;
 Being sane—we tried, but couldn't
 See the world, *as it was not.*"

PAINTED ROCK.

A LEGEND OF TENNESSEE.

L. V. F.

The Rock alluded to is a tremendous precipice on the Tennessee river, which rises perpendicularly from the water to a height of three hundred feet. It is probably four hundred yards in length, and is the headland of one of the ridges of the Cumberland, which appears to have been broken in twain at that point to allow the river to pass. Along the top of the precipice there are many places where the water exudes, strongly impregnated with iron and other coloring substances, which, running down the face of the Rock give it the appearance of having been rudely painted. From this circumstance it takes its name. Old Indian traditions, however, assign another and very different cause for the coloring, believing that it was the blood of their noted braves slain in battle upon the summit, which so deeply dyed the river front of the famous Painted Rock.

Long years rustle by, like the time-tinted leaves
That low on the waters are shed,
When the wind through the frost-smitten foliage
grieves,
And the birds of the Summer have fled.
Yet leave they an echo—those swift-gliding years,
Of races that fearless and free
Here dwelt, (ere had settled the stout "Pioneers,")
On the banks of the bright Tennessee.

It rises from river, from valley and glen,
 That echo,—it steals from the glade,
 And it whispers its stories of dark-visaged men
 In the depths of the old forest shade.
 And here, where the craggy, and weather- stained
 rock
 Hangs over the murmuring tide,
 It tells of the night battle's terrible shock,
 And the valiant who met it—and died.

True, tourists may tell us that over the face
 Of that precipice hoary and dread,
 Rude marks of the graver and paint we may trace
 But the colors *by Nature* were spread,
 But *they* know not the tale of that night-shadowed
 fight,
 When down to the brink of the wave,
 Both summit and side of that perilous height
 Were dyed with the blood of the brave.

* * * * * *

'Twas the time—when the first chills of Autumn
 around
 Had fallen, and blossoms all pale,
 Lay dying away on the frost-covered ground
 In the dells of that beautiful vale ;
 Far down on the lowlands the buffalo herds
 Sought out the green pasturage still,
 And hues like the plumage of Paradise birds
 Lay bright o'er the sun-crested hill.

O'er the chestnut trees shaking their hardy brown
 burs
 The wild-grape lay trailing across ;
 And ripe cones, fresh fallen from cedar and firs
 Half covered the emerald moss.
 Blue mountains from under the rich amber haze
 Looked up to the westering sun,
 Whose softening splendor and long-slanting rays
 Declared that the summer had gone.

A flame on the precipice ! Boldly its gleam
 Shoots up from the top of the " Rock ;"
 'Tis the trunk of a pine-tree that hangs o'er the
 stream,
 And breasted the hurricane's shock.

And there on the summit a warrior band
Lies, gathered to silent repose,—
'Tis the brave Tuscarora—the pride of the land
On the track of his treacherous foes.

He scorns in the lowland to make him a lair—
He scorns in the forest to hide ;
When the foeman comes on, Tuscarora is there,
With his warriors, trusty and tried.
He loves on the crag-rifted mountain alone
To sleep on some tenantless peak,
Where the cry of the vulture can answer his own
With a hungered and death-telling shriek.

And here where the night wind in rapid career
Sweeps over the rock-cradled nest
Of the sun loving eagle, the dark mountaineer,
And his followers, laid them to rest ;
While rose on the night a magnificent blaze
As the pine beacon's quivering glow
Cast down its huge fire flakes and deep-tinted rays
Where the water-tones tinkle below.

Like a red eye in heaven the blood circled moon
Looked out with a wondering stare,
And cloud, cliff and river, and precipice soon
Were lit with its wildering glare.
And the mist rolling up from the face of the stream
Hung heavily over the height,
Yet, shining beneath it, the bright billows gleam
In the wizzard and wandering light.

As down the deep gorges the winter wind launches,
His voice through the caverns re-echoing hoarse;
His fury abroad 'mid the bare forest branches,
Uprooting the rocks in his terrible course ;
So, dread to the sleepers, the sudden up-breaking
Of pleasantest dreaming and peaceful repose,
The sentinel's shout brought a fearful awaking
That saw them environed by murderous foes

Close gathered the " Braves "—like a thunder-bo
rung
The Chieftain's defiance on high ;
Abroad to the wind-gust his signal was flung
And his warriors echoed the cry ;

His eye in its socket, a fountain of flame,
 Rolled redly, as gashing his cheek
 Down-flashing the blade of a battle-axe came,
 And was died with the blood-gushing reek.

To withering hatred those spirits were given,
 They fought not for victory then—
 And souls that knew naught of the mercy of Heaven
 Disdained now to ask it of men :
 The red stream of carnage a cataract runs
 Far over the precipice side ;
 With the blood of a thousand—the wilderness'
 sons—
 The sward on the summit was dyed !

* * * * * * *

The conflict was over—and out on the brow
 Of the " Rock," where the beacon had shone,
 All wounded, and bleeding, and desolate now,
 Stood the brave Tuscarora—alone.
 His falcon-eye measured the perilous steep
 Deep-dyed with its streamlets of gore—
 Quick ! ere the foes reach him—one tiger-like leap,
 And they saw the young Sachem no more !

Swift waters closed o'er him—the gallant and
 brave—
 And the pride of his nation and land
 Sank, whelmed in the rushing and fetterless wave—
 The last of his warrior band.
 And red with his life-blood was sullied the foam
 Of the blue billows wandering free,
 When the battle was lost and he sought his last-
 home
 In the depths of the dark TENNESSEE !

KATY DID.

L. M.

Summer twilight's slow declining,
All the summer stars are shining,
Gleams of gold and silver twining,
 In their glow ;
Summer breezes gently blowing,
Summer blossoms brightly glowing,
Summer waters softly flowing,
 Sweet and low.

Daylight's sound and song is over,
Piping quail, and pealing plover
Under reeds and grasses hover,
 Shyly hid ;
Elfin shapes through forest winging,
'Mid the branches softly swinging,
Raise the chorus shrilly ringing—
 “ Katy did ! ”

'Neath a giant oak I'm lying,
Where a cloud of elves, swift flying,
Under shining leaflets hieing,
 Softly slid ;
And an elfin spell has bound me,
And an elfin vision found me,
While the echoes ring around me,
 “ Katy did ! ”

Down the trunk, an elf came creeping,
 With his gauzy pinions sweeping,
 And the rash intruder's sleeping
 Harshly chid ;
 On my sealed eyelids fluttered,
 And in accents sternly uttered,
 O'er and o'er he slowly muttered,
 " Katy did !"

" Tell me, goblin, grim and hoary !
 What, the burden of your story ?
 What, of crime, or grief, or glory,
 It has hid ?
 That the world may know, to-morrow,
 What, from Elfland she did borrow,
 What of love, or joy, or sorrow,
 Katy did."

* * * * * * *

" Long ago, in the April days,
 When the world was in its youth,
 When Chivalry wrote his golden lays,
 And Friendship dwelt with Truth ;
 Where a crystal river merrily rang
 Its silvery summer chime,
 Two maidens lived, and laughed, and sang,
 In the bloom of their biossom-time.

One was pure as a sweet May day,
 With a brow as calm and fair,
 Its radiant sunshine gleaming lay
 On the trail of her golden hair ;
 Soft as the heaven's misty veil,
 Was the glance of her azure eye,
 Her smile as bright as the star beam pale,
 That shoots from a cloudless sky.

The other, seemed like a summer day,
 As glowing, and bright, and warm,
 All Loves and Graces, sleeping lay,
 In the curves of her swaying form ;
 The fire of passion softly glows
 In her dark eyes' liquid light,
 Like the rich perfume of a summer rose,
 On the warmth of a tropic night.

O'er the fragrant warmth of her dreaming hours
The breath of passion fell,
Like summer dew on the thirsty flowers
Of a shadow-haunted dell ;
Giving to face, and form, and eye
That potent, God-like power,
That lends its glory to the sky,
Its fragrance to the flower.

A kingly spirit was Victor Vane,
Loyal in heart and word,
His soul as knightly, and free from stain
As the blade of his trusty sword :
But Cupid had taken him by surprise,
And woven a cunning snare
In the glance of Lelia's azure eyes,
And the gleam of her sunny hair.

Pure as snow, was the maiden's brow,
As stainless, her fingers white,
As he clasped them close, in the languid glow
Of a sultry summer night ;
Where, swift to kindle, and swift to die,
False eye-love reigned alone,
He plighted his troth, and honor high,
As many a man has done—

Plighted a love he did not know ;
Recorded a vow on high,
Faithful to live, through weal or woe,
To a soulless, sensuous lie—
As many a fateful web was spun
In the ages gone before,
As many a life shall be undone
Till time shall be no more.

Sleeping he lay, on the lulling tide
Of the senses' ebb and swell,
Till his soul awoke to the pomp and pride
Of a giant passion spell ;
Where flowers of fancy, and fruit of thought,
And fragrance of heart and soul,
All beautiful gifts their power wrought
With a limitless control.

And *both* awoke from the slumbrous ease
 Of a false, deceitful dream,
 As all barques founder in passion's seas,
 At the mouth of friendship's stream ;
 Awoke to know, earth held no joy,
 Nor could heaven's golden strand,
 Hold the bliss supreme, without alloy,
 Of a single clasping hand.

And what did Victor ? He prayed and plead,
 As men always plead and pray—
 That his darling should by his hand be led
 To elysian fields away—
 Prayed, though his truth plead loud and long
 At the feet of his headlong will ;
 For truth was faithful, and honor strong,
 But passion was stronger still.

And what did Katy ? Immortal bays
 Over graves of mortals bend,
 And minstrels sing, in triumphant lays,
 " He gave his life for a friend—"
 But love is stronger than life, or death,
 What sceptre to her extend,
 What victor's crown, or what minstrel's breath,
 Who gave her *love* for her friend ?

Praying and pleading, she prostrate lay,
 One tropical summer night,
 For a power to conquer passion's sway,
 For absence, or death, or flight—
 When an elf of our tribe (we *are* elves you know)
 Whispered softly within her ear—
 " I'll work you a spell that shall lay him low,
 And quiet your every fear."

From field and forest, from hill and vale,
 Troop round her the shadows grey,
 And the mortal maid, like a vision pale,
 Is fading from earth away ;
 They tread the circle, they weave the spells
 That in elfin shapes lie hid,
 And now the maiden in Elf-land dwells,
 A gauze-winged Katy-did.

Around her, flowers of every form,
 Exhale their fragrant breath,
 And a magic circle shields her from
 The curse of age and death ;
 And the love that wrought such grief before,
 A radiant, blissful fire,
 Has left her all things to adore,
 And nothing to desire.

Where roses blossom, and jessamines swing,
 And lovers still plead and sigh,
 She soars aloft on her gossamer wing,
 And views them with watchful eye ;
 And when, for their selfish, sensuous joys,
 They've fancied that *conscience* chid,
 The words but spoke in the warning voice
 Of the gauze-winged Katy-did.

When we lie at night where the branches swing
 To the breeze's fitful swell,
 The singing Katy's a feminine thing,
 And *always wants to tell*;
 But if mortal hand on the tree is laid,
 The elfin speech is sealed,
 And they crouch and cower under leafy shade,
 Lest the tale should be revealed.

And whenever a mortal hears the tale
 From human vision hid,
 His mortal life must fade and pale,
 He becomes a Katy-did—
 Now gather round her, Elfin Shades !
 With your weird and wizard spell,
 And bear her off to the everglades,
 Where the elves and fairies dwell."

* * * * *

Shadows dim are trooping round me,
 And the elfin dream that found me,
 With its wizard spell has bound me,
 As they bid ;
 Now my gauzy wings are sweeping,
 And my tiny eyes bright peeping,
 And I spring aloft—a leaping
 "Katy-did."

All my human hopes are dying,
 All my human visions flying,
 And my human tongue from crying
 Is forbid ;
 When my wings I vainly flutter,
 Try in vain, the tale to utter,
 I can only hoarsely mutter,
 Katy-did !

All my mortal days are over ;
 In the ripening grain and clover,
 I shall chirp, and spring, and hover
 Elves amid ;
 So shall never come, the morrow
 When the world the tale shall borrow,
 What, of love, or joy, or sorrow,
 Katy did.

THE BRIDE OF THE SUN.

A LEGEND OF NATCHEZ.

INSCRIBED TO SARAH A. DORSEY, BY L. V. F.

“A woman dreamed in early youth that she was betrothed to the sun. She built her a wigwam apart, filled it with the emblems of her alliance, and means of an independent life. There she passed her days, sustained by her own exertions, and true to her supposed engagement.” *Stories of the Natchez.*

Early in the moon of flowers,
 When the sweet magnolia bowers
 Of the haughty tribes of Natchez,
 First were flushing into bloom—
 From the land of lost E-ya-sho, *
 Came the Princess Kee-chin-ja-shu, †

And her royal wigwam builded,
Where the Temple's shadows gloom.

'Twas a chosen nook, where flourished
All the trees the maiden cherished,
The catalpa, the palmetto,
And the dainty-leaved pecan ;
And their trunks the climbing roses
(Called the " Cherokee,") encloses,
Flinging forth their hoarded fragrance
On the early summer dawn.

Sweeping, broad acacia branches
Swung their heavy avalanches
Of sweet, snowy bloom above it,
Drooping to the conic dome ;
Gemmed it was with treasures floral,
Hung with webs of dyes auroral,
And a streamlet, crystal-footed,
Crept around the maiden's home.

And the Princess ? Gems were glowing
O'er her matchecota, flowing,
And her lantn proud was woven
Of the plumes incarnadine,
That bedeck the bright flamingo ;
While the sunsets' blushes linger
'Mid the jewels that are clustered
In its circlet opaline.

Oft a strange, sybillic splendor,
On her brow, appeared to lend her
Gifts and graces, more than human,
In angelic beauty drest ;
Pure that brow as sunlit crystal,
Pure the eyes with passion vestal,
While the great, true heart of *woman*
Beat within her noble breast.

When the dawning's crimson tinges
Light the sky, and lift the fringes,
Laid like clouds of dewy darkness
Over eyes of darker night ;
Robed in white, severe and simple,
Soft she glides within the temple,

Orisons of love to offer
To the rising god of light.

When are o'er the Temple's duties
She will sit, and shape out beauties
In the burnished clouds above her,
Thinking oracles to find ;
Omens in the leaf's low whisper,
And the birdling's song of vespers—
Hidden voices in the rushing
Dithyrambies of the wind.

Gifts the chieftains brought to greet her,
The She-she-gwam of the meta
Sounded loudly ; the chi-chi-cois
Whirled they in the mazy dance ;
But her sweet voice did not falter
As she sang before the altar
Of her love, for naught so earthly
Wins her calm, uplifted glance.

Then the "Wind that Rushes," o'er her,
Breathed his sighs of love, before her
Knelt the "Unbending Pine," with presents
For a royal maiden meet ;
The "Lone Cloud," in marriage sought her
And the "Sounding Serpent" brought her
Belts of wampum, looking love-words
As he laid them at her feet.

All in vain—a spirit bridal
Wedded her unto an idol,
One who rules the sky, whose image
She kept guarded in her breast ;
She was pledged—the Sun-God's We-wun, *
And her heart could not be re-won,
So her tent stood like the japu's
Lonely, isolated nest.

* * * * *

When, with eye-beam like the eagle,
And with spirit rightly regal,

Comes the woman to redeem us
 From old-custom's scourging rod?
 In her nature deep and real,
 Shrining all our bright ideal,
 Who shall dare to be a Sun Bride,
 Dare to worship naught but God.

When, oh ! when shall perfect woman,
 This our darkened "sphere" illumine?
 When our gods of clay and gilding
 To the earth, abhorred, be cast ?
 What shall be the sign and token
 That our idols, old, lie broken—
 And that light alone we worship,
 Oh ! thou bright Iconoclast

Type of womanhood's completeness,
 Yet retaining all the sweetness,
 All the purity of childhood ;
 Like the sunny bloom of June,
 In the loveliest connection,
 Blending summer's right perfection,
 And the spring-time's dewy freshness,
 In a softened, splendid noon.

As the years around her cluster,
 They but bring increasing lustre
 To the heart that still keeps tuneful,
 All its sweetly sounding strings ;
 For each year is added dower
 Unto her, whose pride and power
 Ne'er allowed earth's dust to gather,
 On her spirit's snowy wings !

As the Sun-Bride watched the marches
 Of her lover up the arches
 Of the morning when his arrows
 Pierced the mountain's shaggy crest ;
 Till its wrinkled front, and hoary,
 Dripped with crimson, gashed and gory—
 And a thousand streams, ensanguined,
 Rippled down its snowy breast.

Let us watch our dim horizon,—
 Soon may come a Sun, surprising

All the nations with its splendor,
 Armed with arrows sharp and strong,
 To destroy the ghostly terrors,
 And the hoary-headed errors,
 Long by custom trenched and guarded
 In the mountain-holds of wrong!

As the sun at rising, see-eth
 How the old moon-shadow flee-eth,
 Like a spectre, wan and faded,
 O'er the western hills away ;
 So shall flee the light that guides us
 Now—yet, falsely blinds, and hides us
 From the true, right revelation—
 Womanhood's pure "perfect day!"

THE FIRE-FLY.

L. M.

The summer sun has sunk to rest
 Behind the crimson shrouded west,
 And closed the gates of day ;
 The summer moon is sailing slow,
 Through lakes of blue and rifts of snow,
 And soft the summer roses glow
 Beneath her silver ray.

Her censer sweet the orange throws,
 And through the spreading live-oak boughs,
 The starry jessamines run ;
 Beneath a tall magnolia's height,
 Where glance the moonbeams silver bright,
 Two shadows fall athwart the light,
 And mingle into one.

The crowd is left—the circling dance,
 Forgotten in the pleading glance

Of wistful tenderness ;
 Two outstretched hands together creep,
 Locks, black and gold, together sweep,
 And soft sighs tremble into sleep,
 'Neath passion's mute caress.

Her hair floats out like golden bars,
 Her eyes gleam like two mist-veiled stars,
 From out a summer sky ;
 Her slender fingers, soft and fair,
 Thread the dark masses of his hair,
 And pluck from out its clusters rare,
 A glimmering Fire-fly.

"Can'st tell me why the Fire-flies shine ?
 And what they are, sweet Viva mine ?
 Would'st learn the legend rare ?
 I heard it from a dark-eyed girl,
 With cheeks of rose, and teeth of pearl,
 Who gleaned them where the ivies curl,
 To set them in her hair.

* * * * * * *

"Once in the days long buried,
 When love was in its flower,
 Eros, the god whom lovers hail,
 Went floating from bower to bower,
 Folding in youthful bosoms
 His pinions, light and fleet,
 And breathing from dewy, crimson lips,
 His murmurings, soft and sweet.

"He folded his light wings softly,
 And basked in the sweet perfume,
 That floated out from the dewy heart,
 Of a white magnolia bloom ;
 Under its shade two lovers
 Worshipped before his shrine,
 And stood—as he willed it—heart to heart,
 As we do—Viva mine !

"And softly, in silence musing,
 He thought of these love-word's death ;
 'How sad, how sad ! that such perfect things

Should perish thus in a breath ;
These murmuring, burning love words,
So old, and yet always new,
Surely, if Love shall forever live,
These should be immortal too.

“ ‘For no man’s mouth grows weary
Of saying them o’er and o’er,
And no woman’s ear shall ever tire
Of learning their magic lore ;
So Eros, the god of lovers,
Will give to these sweet words wings,
And cast them out on the summer nights,
With their star-like glimmerings.

“ ‘And their fire shall burn like star beams
On the breast of the dewy rose,
And their sweetness float from the lily’s heart,
Where they linger in hushed repose ;
So no love word shall perish,
No lover’s kiss shall die,
But live and float on the summer wind,
A glimmering Fire-fly.’

“ ‘Year after year they’re burning,
These tender and fitful fires,
That owe their birth to the whisperings
Of lover’s warm desires ;
Some say they live on forever,
Some say they die in a day ;
Who knows? For they always look the same,
And always the same words say ;

“ ‘For are not the words of passion,
Whatever its object be,
To-day, to-morrow, forever,
One murmuring, blessed three?
‘I love you,’ is all they whisper,
Forever; at Eros’ shrine—
‘I love you’—answer me in this kiss—
Do you love me, Viva mine?’”

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN.

L. V. F.

“This mountain is situated in the north-eastern part of Georgia, near the Tennessee line. It derives its name, partly from the traditions of the Indians, and partly from the fact that a great number of impressions appear in the rocks above the surface of the earth, which present to the eye the appearance of having been made when the rock was in a soft state, by the hands and feet of human beings, and the feet of birds and animals. The “Giant Foot” mentioned, is seventeen and a half inches in length, with six toes, and near it is the distinct impression of a finely formed female hand. This mountain is the Ararat of the Southern Aborigines.”

Our Sires

Who long ago have sought the land of souls,
Were wont to tell a story of this mount,
To us, their children. Once, they say, of old,
This pleasant world was drowned, wild tumult trod
The raging waters, rousing from his bed
That mighty Eastern Sea, which sleeping, hides
The early sunrise; and when wakened, he
Like a great giant rose, and clasped the earth
In his embrace, till tempest-surges swept
All life from her fair bosom. Many days
A world of cloud above o’erhanging, hurled
Its driving rains abroad; and thunder crouched
Behind its folds, and shot his arrows through
Down the deep darkness. For there was no light,
The starry fires went out, the moon had hid,
And that great orb which brings the day, still slept
In the red tents of sundown.

Then, they say,
All people perished, save one mighty chief,
And his fair bride, whom the Manitou loved,
And placed them in a great canoe, with birds,
And many beasts; that there they might be safe
Till the dark days were over. Thus they lived,
For they were good and beautiful, and both
Served the Great Father, who had made them so.

Night was o'er;
The darkness broke at last, the rosy morn
Peered through dissolving haze, and shadowy
And slow, the light poured in. The great canoe
Stood stranded on this lofty pinnacle
That far o'ertops his comrades. A bright path
Was painted down the sky, with gorgeous hues,
And then the chieftain and his bride first saw
This world's good angels coming back to her,
And this, the road they came. Time passed away,
The waters fell, the earth grew green anew,
And they looked forth again upon a scene
Of grandeur, and of beauty. Day arose,
They saw the star-fires wane, the valley's smile,
The slumbrous shadows of the dewy hills,
The clear, broad river flowing past the steep,
A sea of glassy fire, as on its wave
Slept the red blaze of morning. Then alone,
Sole dwellers in a new and blooming world,
The two went forth, and all the beasts and birds,
Rejoicing, followed them.

Pale daughter of the snow!
If thou dost doubt the red man's legend, told
By his old ancestors; thou needs must scale
This mountain summit, there to be assured
Of all its solemn truth. There wilt thou see
The proofs they left their children, bedded deep,
In solid granite, still is kept the mould
Of our queen mother's hand; the giant foot
Of her great lord; and round them lie the tracks
Of bird and beast, with closely circling coil
Of scaly serpent. There 'tis all as plain
As if in written record on that rock
T'were registered, and this the signet-stamp
Of the Great Spirit.

THE DEW DROPS.

L. M.

Once in the days of the olden time
When the gods held speech with men,
Three hand-maidens of Krishna came
With a prayer for his benison,
And a wish that he would their wisdom test—
He gave them three drops of dew,
Bade each bestow where she deemed it best
And bring him her record true.

The first flew earthward, and soon she saw
The singing waters run
Where a crystal fountain leaped and played
In the gleaming summer sun ;
The fainting pilgrim died of thirst,
And the earth was parched and dry,
But the king's bright fountain upward burst
In murmuring melody.

And she thought—"if over this arid waste
I could scatter a flood of rain—
But what could a single dew-drop do
To assuage this mighty pain ?
Here where her bright companions dwell
She shall live and gleam anew"—
And into the crystal fountain fell
Her glistening drop of dew.

The second hovered over the sea,
And under it's climbing waves
She saw the Indian oyster lie
Among sea weed and coral caves ;

And she thought—"each drop of dew that falls
 In an oyster's open shell
 Becomes a pure and priceless pearl,
 So the mystic legends tell—

Now in this shell it is surely best
 I should drop my treasure down,
 Where it shall soon to a gem be changed,
 And may shine in a monarch's crown ;
 Untold wealth it may bring to man
 By this alchymistic spell"—
 And she shook the crystal dew-drop down
 In the mouth of the open shell.

The third had scarce begun her flight
 O'er the seared and parching land,
 When she saw a little helpless bird
 Dying upon the sand ;
 Its wings were drooped, and it's bright eyes
 glazed,
 No song from it's bosom burst,
 But it's little life was going out
 In an agony of thirst.

And she thought—"thus shall my boon be given,
 If it be but a drop of rain,
 To help the first, and lowliest thing
 That I see in mortal pain ;"
 Into the parched and silent throat
 The cooling dew-drop fell,
 It's dull eyes beamed, and it's song uprose
 It's gratitude to tell.

Then Krishna said that she alone
 Had used her power well,
 And gave her good and gladsome news
 To the thirsting earth to tell ;
 And since that day, this maiden fair
 Has scattered her blessing true
 Over a hushed and waiting world
 In the welcome morning dew.

Genius is like the morning dew
 To a dry and parching earth ;

Use it wisely, ye favored few
Who garner it's priceless worth ;
Scatter it's gems where'er a heart
An answering echo gives,
Nor deem it's blessings ill bestowed
On the lowliest thing that lives.

THE MAIDEN OF THE MOON.

L. V. F.

“Many summers have passed since the Sweet Strawberry became the Maiden of the Moon, yet among all the people of the nation she is ever remembered, for her beauty, and the mystery of her being.” *Indian Legends.*

Wild was Weesh-Ka-dalola,
As the woodland lavandola,
Radiant as the aureola
Shining round the summer moon ;
One of those bright, earnest faces
Beaming out in dreary places
Like a dew-besprent oasis
Flashing in the desert's noon.

Graceful as the slender willows
Swaying o'er the dancing billows,
Pure as snowy water lilies
On the sleeping waves that ride ;
And her silvery, ringing laughter
'Mid the rocks re-echoed, after
Her white bark canoe would waft her
Down the river's pebbled side.

Where the sunshine's golden wedges
Lie between the rocky ledges,
Lighting up the spiky sedges,
Came the little maiden too ;

Peering down the bosky dingles
Where the wave with sunlight mingles,
And her brown cheek burns and tingles
With a feeling strange and new.

Lonely still, but older, stronger,
She was now a child no longer
And the soul's unsated hunger
Gleamed, and started from her eye ;
Far along, through mist and shadow,
Down the cypress shaded meadow
Wooing phantom voices led her,
Calling—calling, from the sky.

To the phantoms, low—"I fear thee,"
Said she, for her heart grew weary,
And the path of life seemed dreary,
She was walking all alone ;
On a starless path, and sparkless,
On a wildered way, and markless,
Where the night-wind, down the darkness,
With the tempest wandered on.

Clear the night, and iridescent
Shone the new moon's halved crescent,
And the bark canoe, quiescent
Floated on the still lagoon ;
When in robes of silver whiteness,
Like the gossamer in lightness,
Gleaming in unshadowed brightness,
Came the Spirit of the Moon.

"Child of mystery's baptismal !
Leave this shore so dim and dismal,
Rising through the blue abysmal,
Reign with me—forever mine ! "
To her brow the bright blood rushes,
From her soul glad music gushes,
And amid her burning blushes,
Soft she murmurs—"ever thine ! "

Soul with soul forever blended,
Heart to heart, with wings extended,
Hand in hand, they swift ascended
Where the tempest armies form ;

And she gazed with timid wonder
At the misty realms beyond her,
On the kingdom of the thunder,
And the birth-place of the storm.

Softly sped they—lest some Kraken
Of this upper deep should waken,
And the fair earth-child be taken
To the goblin's cloudy lair;
Passing swift, the thunder's highland,
And along the misty skyland,
Reached at last, the crescent island
In the purple deeps of air.

THE WOOD-STREAM.

L. M.

“Where do I come from?” the singing stream
That winds through the forest dim,
Glinting like shapes in an infant's dream,
Over grey rocks, gnarled and grim,
Mingling my song with the summer's gleam,
And the wood-lark's choral hymn?

“Here he arises;” you vainly think,
As you peep round a giant stone
With dripping mosses, link on link,
Through the time-worn chambers grown;
But I laugh from you pool where the herons drink,
In my elfish, mocking tone.

Look farther on; you will see me still—
Then ask of the plummy weed,
Or the lily that nods to the rippling rill,
But none will your question heed;
Then listen! and I, with a fairy's skill
Will the forest riddle read.

High on a pearl-embattled cloud
In the realms of upper air,
Singing her carol clear and loud,
Sat an elfin maiden fair,
And wove for her queen, a circlet proud,
Out of ocean treasures rare.

As she wove and sang, a tricksy sprite,
In shape of a wandering breeze,
Her casket hurled from the cloudy height,
And the frightened maiden sees
Her scattered pearls on the earth alight,
On flowers, and grass, and trees.

Fast she flies, but the laughing Fay
Her glittering treasure hurls
Beyond her reach, till helplessly
Her weary wings she furls,
When lo ! on the grass beside her lie
A thousand lustrous pearls.

Swiftly her fairy fingers swept
Over grass and buds, and flowers ;
But soon she saw that her casket kept,
In gleaming, glittering showers,
Not pearls, the tears by the ocean wept,
But dew, the tears of the flowers.

Now she halts where a pearly fount appears
In a mother's anguished eyes,
Whose fondest hope lies drowned in tears
Where her dying darling lies—
Then onward—gathering tears on tears
From human mysteries.

For smite the rock of the human heart
With passion's divining rod
Of grief, or joy, and tears will start—
From the veriest human clod
Up to the dreamer, who soars apart
On the wings of a demi-god.

Then up to the fairy queen's abode
On the cloud-built castle's height
Onward the sorrowing maiden rode,
Still grasping her casket tight ;

Heavy, and heavier, grew her load,
For tears do not weigh light.

And kneeling lowly before the throne,
She laid her burden down ;
With contrite heart, her fault made known,
Despite her sovereign's frown ;
"Sorrow and tears, bring I alone,
In lieu of a stainless crown."

"Sorrow and tears," her queen replies,
"Have washed clean many a stain ;
But vain will prove your bitterest cries,
A sin-lost cup to dram,
No expiation can suffice
To win it back again.

"But good thus lost, though never found,
A seed full often leaves,
Which, buried deep in fruitful ground,
Springs up in golden sheaves ;
More blessed harvests gird him round
Who gives, than who receives.

"Hasten down to the deepest part
Of the forest's sylvan shade,
And pour these tears in his secret heart,
Where the thirsting flowers fade,
Till blent in one, shall the Wood-stream start,
By the tears of the forest made."

His glad leaves whirl in a merry dance,
As the hemlock's roots I lave,
The modest violet looks askance
In the mirror of my wave,
Wistfully, tenderly, like the glance
Blue eyes at parting gave.

The thirsty oak as his branches part,
My grateful murmur hears,
Lily and cardinal laughing start
Where my crystal sheen appears—
Here, as in many a human heart,
Is gladness born of tears.

THE LOST SOUL.

L. V. F.

"After midnight, I was lulled to sleep by the melancholy notes of a bird called 'El-Alma Perdida,' or 'The Lost Soul.' The legend, in the Inca language runs thus: An Indian and his wife went out to work their chacra, taking their infant with them. Searching for water, they left the child cradled on a bed of moss, and when they returned, it was gone. To their repeated cries, as they roamed the woods in search of it, they could get no response save the wailing cry of a little bird, heard then for the first time; the notes syllabled into 'papa—mamma'—(the present Inichna name of the bird.) The Spanish, with their poetic instinct, called it the Lost Soul."

Herndon's Amazon.

Hark! what a frenzied cry
Up the lone forest aisles comes sadly wailing,
Now quick and sharp—now choked with agony—
As sight and sense were failing!

The far stars coldly smiled
Down through the arches of the twilight wood,
Where sire and mother sought their child
In that dark solitude.

And low the phantom wind
Came stealing o'er the hills with ghostly feet,
Yet paused not in it's flight to bear one kind,
Soft echo, shrill and sweet.

O'er them, the giant trees
All proudly waving tossed their arms on high,
Yet no loved baby voice, from midst of these,
Answered their broken cry.

But one sad, piping note,
That strangely syllabled a blended name,
As seemed it's cadences to fall, or float,
From boughs above them came.

The mother started—wild—
As the strange sound the forest foliage stirred,
Then hastened to the sire—she knew her child
In that lone spirit bird.

No word the father spake ;
His face was ghastly, and it's haggard lines
Lay stern and rigid, like some frozen lake,
O'ershadowed by it's pines.

The night came down—afar
Was heard the hoarse, deep baying of the storm,
And thunder clouds around each captive star
In black battalions form.

Now all the mighty wood
Has voices like the sullen, sounding sea,
While onward rolls the deep, majestic flood
His surges solemnly.

Down came the rushing rain—
The bird had flown where thunders never roll,
And evermore, they call, and eall in vain,
Upon the Wandering Soul.

THE ENCHANTED SLEEPERS.

L. M.

Tw'as the eventide of a golden day
In the witching summer time ;
Under the hemlock boughs I lay,
Learning the mystic rhyme

Made by the whispering winds that play
Out and in, as the branches sway ;
Silver bells, at the close of day
Ringing their vesper chime.

Echoing back the streamlet's song,
The wild wood notes resound,
And the hoary rocks lift their heads among
The flowers that bloom around ;
Ghastly and weird, in the dying day,
Clustering round me these giants lay,
Spell-bound slumberers grim and grey,
Sleeping on haunted ground.

Over the forest's deepening shade
A silvery halo hung,
Shadowy forms through the branches played,
And flitted the flowers among.
Lute-like melodies filled the air,
Answer spoke to my voiceless prayer,
"Take, oh, mortal the guerdon fair,
Gift of the mystic tongue !"

"Wouldst thou learn of the magic spell
By fairy wisdom found,
Under whose power these giants fell,
In dreamless slumber bound ?
Learn how these murderers dark and grim
Under the swell of the conqueror's hymn,
Voiceless, and still through the ages dim,
Sleep, on enchanted ground.

"Under yon willow lies, stiff and cold,
One who, with stealthy tread,
Basilisk glances, and slimy fold,
Lifted his serpent head—
Giant Doubting—but o'er his brow,
Star-eyed Faith drops her fingers now,
"Trust the Father," she whispers low ;
Doubting lies, cold and dead.

"Under that hemlock, sear and dry,
Shattered by fiery hands,
Dull Despair, with his ghastly eye,
Lies under mystic bands ;

White winged Hope, to the rescue came,
Touched the heart with her vestal flame,
Armed the soul with her holy name,
Conqueror now, she stands.

“Under the clustering nightshade’s dye,
Deadly, though fair to see,
Envy, Hatred, and Malice lie,
Victors no more to be ;
Ransomed legions her power prove,
Captives, chained by the links of love,
Dove-like Charity, broods above—
Chiefest among the three.

“Captive giants on each side lie,
Clustering close around,
Vengeance, Cruelty, Calumny,
Sleep on enchanted ground,
Holy made, by a Master hand,
Over them royally see him stand,
Love, all-conquering, waves his wand,
God-like, and kingly crowned.

“Wayward daughter of changeful earth !
Doubting, and passion-bound,
Oft, by the demons that spring to birth,
Weak and despairing found ;
Faith, Hope, Charity—own their sway,
Under Love’s sceptre your passions lay,
Spell-bound forever, *your demons* may
Sleep on enchanted ground.”

LEGEND OF THE INFERNAL PASS.

L. V. F.

“About sixty miles south of Santa Fe, in the mighty range of the Sierra Blanca, there is a famous gorge, some fifteen miles through, called El Canone Inferno, where rise stupendous masses of rock piled upon rock, until the traveler sees at the top, but a narrow strip of sky, while around him, all is involved in chaotic gloom. The white steed of the tradition is still seen at intervals, by the warriors of the Comanches.”

In the white man's tent, on the far frontier,
At the fall of the faded leaf.
'Mid the pale faced followers of the deer,
Sat an old Comanche chief;
And the sigh of the wailing wind swept by
Through the troubled autumn sky.

They had passed through the canone wild that day
And they noted a solemn spell,
As they entered the toilsome, darkling way,
O'er the red man's features fell;
For a sound came up through the ravines grey,
Like a wild steed's startled neigh.

The men leaped up at the thrilling sound,
For their toiling mules moved slow,
But the chief cast a wary glance around,
And his guarded tone was low,
As he bade them haste, while the kindly sun
Looked down in the gorges dun.

And then, when the evening camp was set,
And the hunters rest had found—

When all, in the deer-skin lodge had met,
 They asked of this mystic sound ;
 And the chief, while his bronzed cheek grew pale,
 Thus told them the fearful tale.

“Pale sons of the eastern ocean’s foam !
 ’Twas before your fathers came
 To take for their own, the red man’s home,
 And to give his hills their name,
 That the bold Comanche held this land
 With a high, and mighty hand.

“My nation dwelt on the prairie plain—
 Their wigwam fires shone bright,
 Their children played in the waving cave ;
 And the mothers’ hearts were light,
 And the fathers’ soul like the bended bow
 On the hills of long ago.

“In those old days, by the snake-like pass
 That down through the mountain creeps,
 Where grows the spotted and sunless grass
 That a dew of poison weeps—
 In a huge cane cleft of the rifted stone,
 A stranger dwelt alone.

“None knew the name of his father’s race,
 Or from what far land he came,
 He went not forth on the hunter’s chase,
 Or the warrior’s path of fame ;
 But often the cavern rocked and rang
 To a hammer’s sounding clang.

“He roamed through the savage glens that lie
 ’Mid the giant rocks up-piled,
 Where a shining ore from the Suu-god’s eye
 Lies hid in the ravines wild
 And the towering, misty shadows form
 The midnight’s bellowing storm.

“Like some tall tree on the waste alone,
 Was his stern and lofty mein ;
 It told of a power not yet o’erthrown,
 And it suited that desert scene,
 And his voice, like a trumpet seemed to roll
 Through fathomless gulfs of soul.

“He loved a maid of my kingly race,
And he sought her for his bride ;
But the Red Bird shrank from his dark embrace,
And his den on the mountain side ;
From his offered love, she turned and fled,
For her heart grew sick with dread.

“Her sire looked on with a knitted brow,
Full scornfully he smiled ;
And said—“shall the cawing carrion crow
Be mate for the eagle’s child ?
In our eyrie fallen, we know not whence—
Let the children drive him hence !”

“But a vengeance vow, on the wind had passed,
A flame on the night had shown ;
And the hoofs of a snow-white steed struck fast
On the mountain pathway lone—
And they say that steed, from the cavern won,
Was the Machinito’s son.

“His neigh to the wind rose, wild and high—
(Thou rider bold, take heed !)
With the stag’s fleet foot, he bounded by,
That beautiful demon steed !
But the glare of his eye the spirit shook,
With it’s terrible *human* look.

“The camp was roused at the break of day,
By a frantic shriek upborne
On the passing winds of the dawning grey,
Through the silent hush of morn ;
And the warriors armed them for the fight,
By the morning star’s pale light.

“Away ! away ! ’tis the demon steed,
And his trampling shakes the grove—
Afar ! afar ! at a fearful speed
The night-hawk bears the dove ;
But the eagle’s brood are on his route,
With a fierce, triumphant shout.

“O’er hill, o’er vale, for many a mile,
By a hundred braves pursued,
The steed and rider fled the while,
With a courage unsubdued ;

The maiden's friends may toil, and strain,
But the dark-mouthed pass they gain.

"The rider, here, at his utmost need,
When the goal was almost won,
Half checked, in mid-career, his steed
Still steadily bounding on,
And shook his spear at the following foes,
That over the summit rose.

"An arrowy flight on the darkened air!
A shriek, and a fearful bound—
A dart struck deep in her bosom fair,
And the Red-Bird fell! Around
Her lover the fire darts fall like rain—
The prize he may not regain.

"The steed dashed on, as that flinty floor
Had been soft strewn with flowers,
His nostrils smoke, and the red flames pour
Around, in burning showers—
Away! away! from his stifling breath!
Away! for he speeds to Death!

"'Tis o'er, bold rider! and did'st thou shrink
From his neighing wild, and loud,
When thy snow-white steed, on the horrid brink,
Dissolved, in a snow-white cloud?
From the set lips rose a maddening yell,
As down through the gulf he fell.

"They found the Red-Bird, pale and cold,
And softly her maiden grace
They laid to rest in the flower-crowned mould,
By the graves of her ancient race,
Where over her bosom the wild rose springs,
And the wood-dove sits, and sings.

"Yet often, in that dreary glen
Where the sunbeams dare not play,
I've heard the shouts of pursuing men,
And a wild steed's startled neigh,
And hasted on, with a nameless fear,
From the danger prowling near.

"Some bold Comanche, who skims the plain
On the prairie courser's track,

In his camp will ne'er be seen again,
 From the chase he comes not back—
 Woe! woe! to him whom the demons lead
 To follow the path of the phantom steed!"

GENIUS AND TALENT.

L. M.

When darkness over the waters walked,
 And the young Earth lay asleep,
 The spirit of God took voice, and talked
 With the waves of the mighty deep;
 When the two great lights of heaven had birth,
 And His six days' work was done,
 A radiant creature sprang to earth,
 Full armed, from the central sun.

He sang his song with the morning stars,
 Touched the clouds with rainbow dyes,
 He talked by turns with the flowers, the trees,
 And the bright winged butterflies;
 All beautiful gifts his young life laved
 In a gleaming, golden shower,
 And God's own breath on his forehead, gave
 His own creative power.

He walks the earth in a human form,
 And his glorious gifts of mind
 He showers down like the sunlight warm,
 To brighten and bless mankind;
 He lives in the sculptor's God-like hand,
 Whose marbles, living seem,
 He breathes through the blind musician's wand,
 And walks through the poet's dream.

Still burns forever, his glowing pyre,
 Illuming the ages' gloom,
 When the hand that lit its altar fire
 Is dust within the tomb ;
 The deathless strain that Genius woke
 All human hearts shall thrill,
 Though the human voice through which it spoke
 Is mute, and hushed, and still.

The deathless marble sounds his fame
 Down the hoary centuries ;
 Eternal Youth has found a name,
 True Genius never dies ;
 Eternal sunbeams round him sweep,
 And their noon refulgence pour,
 Where Hope, and Promise lie asleep
 On bright Fruition's shore.

When the greater light had doffed his crown
 To hail the dying day,
 His fair young sister floated down
 On the moon's first lambent ray ;
 A band of stars, with their liquid flame,
 Encircled her forehead fair,
 And Talent wrote her mystic name
 On the trail of her golden hair.

Through light and shade, through calm and storm,
 She wanders from vale to hill,
 Aglow with the restless longings warm
 Of a woman's wayward will ;
 Forever decking some borrowed throne
 With borrowed garlands bright,
 Forever pining, that she alone
 Can shine by reflected light.

A wayward torch, whose fitful beams
 Have radiant lustre thrown,
 Lighting the hopes, the joys, the dreams,
 On all paths but it's own ;
 A tender, soft, melodious lute
 Attuned in the dreamer's land,
 Whose sweetest chords lie hushed and mute
 Till struck by a master-hand.

Part a child, with it's mad delight
 In sounding, sea-girt caves,

In the loves of the birds and blossoms bright,
 And the song of the winds and waves ;
 Part a woman, with April's play
 In her changing hopes and fears,
 Whose sweetest laughter, glad and gay,
 Lies close to her saddest tears :

Part a Goddess, whose soul has gleamed
 With the beacons of sun-lit fires,
 But the passionate heart is ridged and seamed
 With the graves of vain desires ;
 Part an angel, with wistful eyes
 Still clouded by doubt, and sin,
 Standing in sight of Paradise—
 Forbidden to enter in.

In the after life, will she too stand
 On proud Fruition's tower ?
 Will she grasp her fair twin brother's hand
 With equal, God-like power ?
 Will the gifts be hers, that most she prized ?
 Will her doubts and shadows die ?
 Will her golden dreams be realized
 In the cloudless bye and bye ?

Or must *that too*, be the tangled skein
 That shine and shadow weaves
 From the changing, lustrous opaline
 Of the frost-kissed autumn leaves ?
 From the fair, and fading bow that bends
 Where the summer rain is o'er,
 From the fitful breath of the wandering winds,
 And the sands on a shifting shore ?

THE BLACK HAND.

L. V. F.

“On a range of cliffs, on the banks of the Licking river, appears the impress of an immense black hand. It was there when the country was first settled, and must have been painted by the Indians, with some imperishable color, for it has never faded. A noted chief gave the following tradition regarding it, to one of Ohio’s early settlers.”

’Twas many and many a year ago,
And spring-time o’er the hills of snow
Came gaily glancing down ;
The river caught the silver sheen
Reflected crystal clouds between,
And woodlands took a tint of green
Upon their banks of brown.

Away to lakes that chain the north
The clanging wild geese wended forth,
A fleet of snowy prow,
And sails of silver blent with black ;
The south-wind idly roving back,
Brought wren, and blue-bird on his track,
To glad the budding boughs.

The booming bittern sought his fen,
The wood-thrush whistled through the glen,
The yellow honey-bee
Flew forth at morn, with busy hum,
The pheasant sounded loud his drum,
Ring-dove, and robin, piping come,
To join the minstrelsy.

As changeful as the smile of spring,
 As blithe as blue-bird on the wing,
 Inconstant as the breeze ;
 As brightly beautiful and gay,
 As full of buoyant life as they,
 Sweet Outallissa* sang all day
 Among the forest trees.

Caprice was hers—she frowned, she smiled,
 Now womanhood, and now, the child,
 Like blushes fled and came ;
 Her forehead bore a queenly crest,
 Of tinted plumes, across her breast
 Was bound, the gorgeous feather vest,
 And hence, her strange, sweet name.

'Twas when the spring with living green
 Last lighted up the sylvan scene,
 Two chieftains bold and free,
 In council strong, in danger tried,
 Had claimed her love—had sought her side,
 And wooed her to become a bride
 With gallant courtesie.

"Oh ! see," said they, "the white-winged dove,
 Her song all day is naught but love ;
 And list ! a tender tone
 Has wind, and wave, and waterfall ;
 And shall the Humming Bird, of all
 Our birds, the sweetest, hear the call
 Of love, yet dwell alone ?"

"I see not, hear not, will not wed"—
 The wayward, willful maiden said ;
 "For dove it may be meet
 Within her nest the live long day
 To brood at home—her mate away,
 But shines her silver wing so gay,
 And is her song as sweet ?"

But out his royal lodge before,
 Stood up her sire, the Sagamore,
 Pride kindled in his eyes ;
 "To him," he said, "who next in spring,
 From war-path redly glittering,
 The greatest trophies back shall bring,
 I freely yield this prize !"

The spring returned—from war and raid
The chieftains came ; the lovely maid
With broidered band and belt
Had bound her arms, and decked her hair,
And smiled to see her form so fair
Reflected from the waters there,
As by the stream she knelt.

Where meets the stream with shore and wood,
The people, and their chieftains stood,
Segondaa†, the brave
And Kanozid,‡ like mountain pine,
Piled on the sward their war-spoil's shine,
And flaunting o'er the gallant line
Their plummy banners wave.

The din had ceased, and breathless all,
Reigned silence through that forest hall,
As slow, the Sagamore,
With stately mein, and glittering eye,
Yet frigid bearing, stern and high,
Laid, one by one, their trophies by,
And named their number o'er.

Twas done—the shouts like wave on wave
Rolled up—"Segondaa, the brave !
"Segondaa has won !"
Then Ontallissa, from the band
Of maidens that around her stand,
Her father led, and gave her hand
To Nougá's noble son.

Saw Kanozid—then drooped his head,
"Enough, enough," he slowly said ;
High raised his tomahawk,
One trenchant blow wrought deadly harm,
His right hand severed from the arm,
He flung it, quivering still, and warm,
Against the rifted rock.

It struck—the strong imprint it made
In bloody outline was displayed
A moment ; falling back
It hissing, dropped into the tide,
The shadow spread, till far and wide
It covered all the granite side,
It's hue, an inky black.

The awe-struck people crowded near,
And gazed in wonder and in fear ;
Up from the silent shore
There rung one long and piercing yell ;
“No more !” a splash—a bubbling swell
Of closing waters—like a knell
The rock replied—“no more !”

All ghastly grew the graceful bride,
Her lover bent his brow of pride,
And some their faces hid,
And some upon the ground were cast,
As forth upon the northern blast
A mighty spirit-warrior passed,
The shade of Kanozid !”

ITALY.

L. M.

Long ago in the dawn of days,
When the world from chaos sprang,
And the morning stars their melodies
Together sweetly sang ;
The Lord took rest on the seventh day,
When his mighty work was done,
And angels four, with folded wings
Stood round about his throne.

“The world is finished,” the Mighty said,
“The sky, the sea, the ground ;
But see these fragments lying here
All scattered and tossed around ;
Gather them up, and choose them well,
And give to them human birth,
Making four nations, great and strong,
To people the new-made earth.”

Then first, St. George found a grain of gold
All gleaming, and pure, and fair,
And buried it deep in a mass of lead,
So none could guess it was there ;
And the Saint looked on and smiled, well pleased
With his new and queer creation,
And sent it bumping along to earth,
And called it the English nation.

St. Iago, peering among the mass,
Ingredients dark to find,
Put the heart of a fox, and the fang of a wolf
In a bladder filled with wind ;
With treacherous tongue, and a specious lie
On it's darkly gleaming face,
He sent it sailing adown the sky,
And called it the Spanish race.

St. Denis, a flying sunbeam caught,
And flashed it to earth by chance,
Tied with a knot of ribbons bright,
As the people of sunny France ;
But though the heart of the Saint beat right,
He sadly erred in head,
For he gave no ballast to hold it firm,
And he dyed the ribbons *red*.

St. Michael, seeing the others' faults,
And thinking their wrongs to heal,
Collected a mask of velvet soft,
And a poinard of gleaming steel,
A lightning flash, and a sunbeam bright,
The chords from a soft lute stole,
The heart of a pure and sinless child,
And the sigh of a poet's soul.

The kiss of a lover, burning deep,
And melting like lava fire,
A rose from the bowers of Paradise,
And a string from an angel's lyre ;
These in his hand, he lowly knelt
At the throne of the Blessed Three—
“Give me now, but a smile of God,
And my work shall perfect be.”

But Satan, watching the gates of hell
One sultry summer even,
Thought—"if I spoil not Michael's work,
His Italy will be Heaven"—
So he sped a swift-winged arrow forth,
Poisoned with envy's sting,
And it cleft the rose of Paradise,
And broke the angel's string.

And to this day, the Italian keeps
God's smile in his sunny eyes,
But the Devil's arrow rankles deep
In his heart's dark mysteries ;
But Italy, with *freedom* blest,
Will pluck away this rod,
And on her sunny land shall rest
But the radiant smile of God.

THE CAVE OF DEATH.

L. V. F.

“In the southern portion of Jefferson Co., Tenn., in the side of a mountain called English’s mountain, there is a cavern from which a current of air rushes, at short intervals, like the breathing of some Titanic monster. From the fact of this gigantic breathing, and that of the atmosphere within being said to be destructive to animal life, (probably owing to the presence of some noxious gases,) arose the old Indian tradition that this cave was the retreat of a spirit of evil, or Machinuito, whose poisonous breath destroyed all who dared to intrude upon his domain.

Hist ! softly, pale stranger !
And light be thy tread ;
Thou walkest with Danger,
A region of Dread.
Swift-down to the level—
We’re passing the glen
Where the Spirit of Evil
Lies hid in his den !
The dun deer is bounding
Along the rayine,
The pheasant is sounding
His drum on the green ;
Pursue not—by river,
Or precipice lone,
Those strange shadows never
The hunter has won.

From his rock-rifted dwelling
Aloft on the height,

Yon eagle is yelling—
 Avoid thou his sight—
 And pause not—'tis feigning—
 That white eagle's plume
 Thou dreamest of gaining,
 But lures thee to doom.

Oh! haste thee! a sighing
 Comes down through the canes,
 The wind-scud is flying,
 The moon-sickle wanes;
 From the black-bosomed water
 Uprises a form,
 'Tis the night-tempest's daughter
 Unchaining the storm.

That muttering lowly
 That steals through the glooms
 Is the Thunder-god slowly
 Unfolding his plumes;
 The storm-spirits haunt him,
 And forth from his lair,
 The cloud-crested Phantom
 Comes, cleaving the air:
 Oh! seek not, though weary,
 Yon sheltering cave—
 It's dark halls are dreary,
 It's shadow—a grave!
 The tempest may blind thee—
 Full rude is his breath;
 But that cavern behind thee
 Would woo thee—to death.

Our forefathers hoary
 This legend have told,
 (In the days of their glory,
 It happened of old)
 That a fierce, fallen Spirit
 Created sublime,
 Had sworn to inherit
 A kingdom of crime.

He wrought ruin, smiling
 Deceitfully then,
 To error beguiling
 The children of men;

Till the Great Father found him
Abroad on the air,
And the good angels bound him,
And prisoned him there.

Thou hearest his breathing,
His deep uttered sighs,
As the storm clouds up-wreathing
About him arise ;
From his moanings or terror,
His pestilent breath,
And his wild eye of horror,
We flee, as from death.
For oft 'tis related,
That lost in this cave,
The hunter—belated,
Has found, but a grave ;
Then haste thee, young Stranger—
And light be thy tread ;
Thou walkest with Danger,
A region of Dread !

THE SCORPION.

L. M.

He sits in his sea-girt chamber,
A scorpion old and grey,
In a dim Venetian prison wall
Round which the waters play ;
He has watched the rise of the harvest moon,
He has heard the sigh of the dark lagoon,
Echo the gondolier's rhythmic tune
As centuries roll away.

He sits in his sea-girt chamber,
A prisoner old and grey,
In the darkness and mould of the prison walls
He has wasted his years away ;

He watches the white moon softly rise,
 He lists to the water's sobbing sighs,
 He echoes them back with his feeble cries,
 As his years and hopes decay.

Often these strange companions
 Will talk, when the day is done,
 As they sit in a niche in the prison wall
 In a line with the setting sun ;
 Talk of the long dead hopes and fears,
 The shine and shadow of vanished years,
 The roar and rattle, the blood and tears,
 Of the battles lost and won.

"Swiftly the silent ages
 Have passed me in their flight,
 Since I came from old Byzantium
 In a fold of tissue bright,
 Brought by one of Dandolo's men,
 And flung on the couch of his mistress, when
 He watched the love-signals blaze again,
 One amorous August night.

"I crawled through the shining tissues
 That sparkled like golden grain,
 And I pierced her bosom fair and white
 With my dark and deadly stain—
 Why not ? Since all love holds its sting,
 And the quickest death is the kindest thing
 A generous heart or hand can bring
 To its weary, ceaseless pain.

"*What is our mystic power ?*"
 And "*what the death in our sting ?*"
 The secret for which your human kind
 Its curses upon us fling—
 The parching thirst no draught can slake,
 The quenchless fire from Tophet's lake,
 The venom'd tooth no power can shake
 From its dire and deadly spring ?

"Listen, and learn—this venom
 That gives us such devil's rule
 Is born of yourselves, and not of us,
 Oh, blinded, and blundering fool !
 In the dawn of days—so the legends tell—
 When Death rode forth from the gates of hell,

He found, where the human pulses swell,
His darkest, deadliest tool.

“Riding his bloodless charger,
He scattered himself around ;
In many a fashion, many a shape,
With many a direful sound ;
Visions of death and doom he nursed,
Till, searching the mystic legends cursed,
He made the scorpions, last and worst
In their hellish record found.

“The first was a harmless beetle
Crawling across the sand,
Ugly, but innocent of ill
As anything in the land,
Till Death steeped the plodding, senseless clay
In two human hearts he had wrenched away,
And bleeding and quivering now they lay
In the hollow of his hand.

“And out of the man’s warm pulses
The scorpion sucked desire,
That burned with a flame unquenchable,
Like liquid and molten fire ;
And out of the woman’s icy veins,
Fierce jealousy’s venom’d draught he drains,
Pouring its deadly, poisonous rains
In torrents that never tire.

“And when he was filled and sated,
Death saw that his work was done,
And the deadliest spell by demon wrought
On the human race, was won ;
“Now be ye fruitful, and multiply,
And do your work on humanity,
For you have a sting that will never die
While the world rolls round the sun.”

The Gondolier’s song was ringing
It’s melody wild and free,
As thus the old scorpion blinked and talked,
In his palace by the sea ;
And thus the prisoner answered him,
“The roses are withered, the stars are dim,
And a scorpion lurks in each goblet’s brim,
Watching and waiting for me.”

THE DANCING GHOSTS.

L. V. F.

The Aurora Borealis was known among many tribes of the aborigines, as the "Dancing Ghosts." The legends concerning it are numerous and diversified, in accordance with the characters of the different tribes. The following is peculiar to those southern localities, visited by yellow fever.

The Avenger's wing is on the wind,
His voice is in the forest shade,
Low whispering—"Die ! for ye have sinned,
Red dwellers of the glen and glade"—
Fresh graves lie yawning 'neath the sod,
The Fever-Plague has gone abroad.

Fear walks at midnight, darkly there,
With pallid lip, and quivering breath,
A spirit broods upon the air
Whose every glance is dread and death,
And terror, torture, and dismay,
Each follow each, with rival sway.

Then hoary priests, and prophets wise
In solemn council nightly held,
Demand a human sacrifice,
That thus the spoiler may be quelled,
And the Great Spirit smile once more
Upon his children, as of yore.

The lots were cast—three warriors young
Were singled from the breathless crowd ;

With shouts of triumph, forth they sprung
Like victors in a conquest proud,
Exultant that they soon should stand
Great chieftains in the Spirit-land.

They cast all thought of fear away.
As through the stormy clouds' dominion,
The eagle mounting to the day
Shakes the thick snow-flakes from his pinion ;
These strong souls girded on their might
Like armor, for the coming fight.

Along the plain—a gloomy pall,
Low hung the sable waving wood,
And on its borders, breathless all,
The awed and silent people stood,
Watching the pyre whose fiery glow
Like red plumes, wavered to and fro.

The winds were hushed, the moon had fled,
The rocking pines were still again ;
And a solemn chant for the mighty dead
From the dark and silent plain
Rolled slowly up through the forest lone,
As the mourning train passed on.

Lo ! next night, when the stars shone forth,
And wandering winds were hid, or lost,
On white wings, from the frozen north
Sped on the Spirit-king of Frost ;
His cool breath stole through the forest shade,
And the fiery fever plague was stayed.

In three nights more, the valley's streams
Were sheeted o'er with gleaming ice,
On twinkling sprays, in rainbow beams,
High hung the Frost-king's quaint device,
Like crystal groves on that far shore
Our fathers left, in days of yore.

Then, swift as meteor-arrows fly
Athwart the cloudless summer blue,
That clear, transparent depth of sky
Was tinged with a crimson hue ;
A mighty kindling sea, it seemed,
Whose splendor, to the zenith streamed.

And in that glory, side by side,
 Where gorgeous dyes the Dragon lave,
 Three giant forms were seen to glide,
 And wide their blood-red mantles wave,
 Like swift birds darting to and fro,
 In a red sunset's fiery glow.

Spell-bound a moment, and amazed,
 That crowd looked on that pageant fair,
 On the far Spirit-land they gazed,
 And knew the Sacrificed were there—
 Then a shout went up from the gathered hosts,
 For they knew their friends, in the "Dancing
 Ghosts."

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

I. M.

In a valley green and golden,
 With its wealth of clustering vines,
 Crowned by shadows grey and olden,
 From the snow-clad Apennines;
 Where each gentle slope was swelling
 With sweet promises of bloom,
 Was a youthful shepherd dwelling
 In his peaceful mountain home.

With its waters leaping gladly
 Where the April showers weep,
 And its white snows rushing madly
 Down the avalanche's sweep;
 With its meek dun cattle lowing
 In the summer twilight hours,
 And its April breezes blowing
 Over fields of mountain flowers.

But his heart was sad and lonely,
And his life seemed dull and tame,
For no woman found him comely,
And no herald brought him fame ;
And he scorned each simple treasure,
For his soul was longing then
For the pride, and pomp, and pleasure
In the lives of other men.

Once he sat beside his cottage,
And his scorn was waxing hot
'Gainst the humble mess of pottage
That was all a peasant's lot ;
When, like softly falling shower,
Stole an incense strangely sweet,
And a snowy, stainless flower
Floated swiftly to his feet.

Like a softly chanted vesper,
As the snowy petals part,
Steals a sweet, melodious whisper
From the glowing, golden heart —
"Take the doubtful gift, oh, Mortal !
With its mingled smiles and tears ;
Only once I ope the portal
In a hundred weary years.

When the curfew peals for vesper,
Lay me on the Virgin's shrine,
Only breathe on me and whisper,
And the wish at once is thine ;
'Tis a doubtful gift, oh Mortal !
With its crowding hopes and fears—
Only once I ope the portal
In a hundred rolling years."

Proudly beat the youthful bosom—
"All the joys of earth are mine"—
And he laid the snowy blossom
Down upon the Virgin's shrine ;
While the vesper slowly pealing
Sent its echoes through the glen,
Came the whisper softly stealing,
"Give me gold, like other men."

Then king Midas rained his treasure
In a gleaming, golden shower,

But it brought no throb of pleasure
With its joyless pride of power ;
And, again, as softly pealing,
Stole the echoes up the glen,
Came the eager whisper stealing,
“Let me laugh, like other men.”

Then the flashing silver flagon
Poured its flood of ruby rain,
But behind it, stood a dragon
With his lurid eyes of pain ;
And the laugh was cold and cheerless,
And his soul was sickened then—
“Mirth is cold, and laughter wearies,
Let me love, like other men.”

In his eager arms he presses
A maiden young and fair,
Whose soft and dewy kisses
Lure him with their promise rare
But the gleam and glow that mingled,
A mocking mirage prove,
For its flame was never kindled
At the altar-fire of love.

Then he knew his dream of passion
For a false, and soulless lie,
And he smote the fair creation,
And in sadness watched it die ;
“Let the shape of living marble,
And the fire of poet’s pen
Crown my aching brow with laurel,
Give me fame, like other men.”

Then the wreaths of bay and laurel
Circled round the brow of youth,
But Experience, with iron tongue
Soon taught its bitter truth,
How the serpent fangs of evil
Pierce his heart with venom’d lie,
Who dare rise above the level
Of a poor humanity.

With bitter tears, he trampled
His thorn-encircled crown,
And he breathed upon the flower,
And sadly cast it down ;

“Let others seek love’s bower,
And pleasure’s summer sea,
Love, and laughter, pride, and power,
Are gifts not meant for me.”

Then his heavy heart was lightened,
And its throbbing pulse grew still,
And his darkened soul was brightened
With a light ineffable ;
While above him, ’mid a shower
Of star-beams pure and fair,
Floated up his fairy-flower
On wings of gossamer.

“I take back the gift, oh Mortal !
With its mingled smiles, and tears,
And I close my snowy portal
For a hundred waiting years ;
Let your heart and soul grow stronger,
And their strength, *for others* tell,
You shall need the gift no longer,
You have learned its lesson well.

Only he shall learn the power
’Mid it’s snowy petals furled,
Who shall use his fairy flower
For the gladness of the world ;
Only he, who, bringing incense
To the altar-fires of heaven,
Counts his richest treasure worthless,
And his dearest, nothing given.”

ORIGIN OF THE WATER-LILY.

L. V. F.

Swift the hasting steps of Even
O'er the western mountains hieing,
Passed the golden gates of sun-down ;
While the moon, her pale hand-maiden
Bearing forth a silver crescent,
Kissed the hem of Night's dark mantle
And passed outward, with the Twilight.

Downward, through the forest arches,
Flashing like the sheen of opal,
Ruby, gold, and amethystine,
Streamed the glories of the sunset ;
Where a proud and princely chieftain
On the mossy turf lay dying.

Far away, his royal wigwam
Rose beside the shaded water,
But the lone, and stricken eagle
Never more shall reach his eyrie ;
For his soul is heading deathward
On a sea of gloom, and silence ;
Like the hour, his mortal being
Slopeth down upon its twilight,
And the night of the Hereafter
Slanteth shadows on his spirit.

Yet, amid his keenest anguish,
Close he clasped a precious arrow,
Best, and last, of all his treasures.
'Twas a strong, white-shafted arrow
Tufted o'er with crimson plumage,

Full of mystery, and magic :
Never swerving, never failing ;
Much he fears some foe might snatch it,
'Mid the shadow of the forest,
And direct it 'gainst his people,
When the war-wolf's long fierce gallop,
And the vulture's eager pinion
Should have bore them there, to banquet
On his cold, insensate body.
Prayed he then, with earnest fervor
That the Manitou would send it,
When the night of death closed o'er him,
To the star he loved while living,
Diamond-crested Cynosura.

Then his frame grew weak, and weary ;
On his brow, the fatal pallor
Met, and mingled with the death-dew :
All his soul was full of shadows,
And amid them, rose the children
That brought sunshine to his threshold :
All his heart was full of murmurs,
Music-tones from out his wigwam.
But he saw no more—his spirit
Like the moon on the horizon,
Bearing hope in his Hereafter,
Pure, clear-shining as her crescent,
Kissed the hem of Earth's dark mantle
And passed outward, with the Twilight.

Underneath the woodland arches,
Deep the rushing river shuddered ;
Fluttered then, the silvery aspen
Like the wringing of white fingers :
Fearfully, the wild witch-hazel
Dropped its fairy tassels downward ;
While the oak, a stately Druid,
Stood above the proud, dead chieftain,
And the rhythmic wind came rolling
Through his long, grey, mossy branches,
Like a wild and stormy Saga
Through the hoary beard of Odin,
When he welcomes ghostly heroes
To the halls of the Valhalla.

Loud the winds came rushing onward,
Marshalling their mighty forces,
Strong, to bear the magic arrow
To the favored Cynosura.
As they bore it high in heaven,
Like a meteor, gleamed the flint-head ;
Like a burnished cloud at sunset
Streamed afar, the crimson plumage.

All the stars looked on in wonder,
Coveting this magic arrow ;
Borealis, phantom-fingered,
Dripping gore, elutched at it wildly,
Where it shone upon the darkness ;
And when foiled, sank back as swiftly
To his home amid the ice-bergs.

Then the Evening Star, who watched it,
Peeping o'er his clouds of purple,
Drifting idly in the sundown,
Left his orbit in the heavens,
Spread his wings of burnished amber,
And sped forward, like a meteor
For the capture of the treasure.

Then the Pole Star 'gan to tremble,
And, for once, he fled his station,
He, the universe's warder,
On the battlements of Heaven !
As some tall, terrific glacier
From the far and frozen Ocean,
Mailed in ice, and crowned with sunbeams,
Sweeping by the Arctic islands,
Spurns the blue, dissolving billows
On its passage to the southward :
Ice-Star, fair, and fierce, and pallid ;
So he sailed in sheen, and splendor
Down the azure deeps of Ether.

Like the Kamsin of the Desert
Driving o'er the palmy islands,
Diademed with fire eternal,
Shod with swiftness of the lightning,
From his gorgeous tinted covert
'Mid the citadels of sunset,

Swiftly up the purple cloudland
Swept the armed Star of Evening.

Dread their meeting in mid-heaven—
Dire as when, beneath the Tropics,
Angry clouds drink up the sunshine :
When, on thousand hills, the earthquake,
With the surge and swell of battle
Roars and rages through the gorges.
Swarming hordes of lurid Spectres,
Shapes that drive the mad tornado,
Ride the blast, and forge the lightning,
In a stormy, savage squadron,
Yelled around the dauntless champions ;
And the Thunder in the distance,
Stalked along his cloudy ramparts,
While his voice of hoarse approval,
Shook them to their deep foundations !

Clouds of smoke enclosed the combat ;
Yet anon, as swayed the foldings,
Fiery fluid, like to lava
Fell in gouts and streams from out them ;
While from off the starry bodies
Sparks of gleaming light were stricken,
Flying, leaping off in showers ;
And their wings of snow and amber
Rose and fell, like mighty banners,
Gorgeous gonfalons of brightness,
On the sulphurous breeze of battle.

But the winds, aghast, and frightened,
Howled, and fled, and dropped the arrow,
Lost the precious magic treasure :
And the angry stars, disheartened,
That the prize was lost forever,
Ceased the combat, each despairing,
Each vindictive, each unconquered.

Like a troubadour, the lav'rock
Sang at morning's golden portals,
And the glad, up-springing sunshine
Leaping, bounded from the Orient.
You could hear the early zephyr
Calling softly to the Dew-fall,
And the little streamlet singing

As it rippled o'er its pebbles,
As the cloud which leaves its shadow
On the bosom of the hill side
For a brief and passing moment,
And then floats away forever ;
So the champion stars in battle,
Winds, and Shapes that sail the Ether,
Had dispersed, and fled like shadows
From the bosom of the Heaven.
But the sparks of light that showered
From those shining planet bodies
Like great flakes of liquid diamond,
Fell abroad upon the waters
Of the quiet lakes, blue bosomed,
And became (so runs the Legend,)
Snowy, scented Water-Lilies.

We have many an old Tradition,
Many a story Oriental,
Telling how the Water-Lily
Loves the Kingly Star of Evening :
And those legends call it folly
In this simple little lily,
Thus to pant with wistful passion
For a burning star in Heaven :
No—oh ! no—'tis true affection—
Noble, holy aspiration ;
Like the soul—the soul immortal,
Pristine glory it remembers :
Like the soul, it still must covet
What its origin bequeathed it ;
Skyward then, it turns forever,
Dreaming of the Cynosura,
Watching for the Star of Evening,
Seeking still, its native Heaven.

FAIRY'S FIRE.

L. M.

"Fairy's Fire" the legendary name for the *Pyrus Japonica*.

Small circles made by burrowing insects, and kept filled in winter by moisture oozing from the ground, are called in Folklore, Fairy wells.

Under my window, a tall bush grows,
Of flame-hearted Fairy's fire,
Its banners wave as the bleak wind blows,
It burns on the white mid-winter snows
Like a blazing funeral pyre ;
Under its shadow the fairy wells
Are whispering legends olden,
Blossoms are weaving their mystical spells,
Violets blue, from the mossy dells,
Sweet scented Roman hyacinth bells,
And crocuses peeping from grassy swells
All purple, and white, and golden.

I leaned from my window one winter night
And listened to all the story ;
A soft south-wind from the tropics bright
Passed over the purple mountain's height,
Touching the branches hoary
Of the elm that towered above my head,
Like a sweet Æolian lyre ;
Beams from the summer, that day had shed
Their kisses warm on the grassy bed,
And each blossom lifted its fragrant head
And summoned the elves and fays, to tread
Round the magical Fairy's fire.

This fire and heat (from Elfland sent,)
Seem whimsical, vague pretences

To mortals on earthly pleasures bent,
 And only to fairy eyes are lent,
 And to Poet's keener senses;
 The south-wind had bidden its pulses start,
 And called from the core of its passionate heart
 The flame of a sweet desire;
 "Come hither!" the crocus' trumpet rings,
 "Come hither!" the hyacinth's white bell swings,
 "Come hither!" the violet's sweet breath sings,
 "And circle the Fairy's fire!"

Flying, flitting, in crowds they come—
 These dwellers in Dreamland olden,
 Pixie, and Kelpie, and Sprite, and Gnome,
 Some from the shades of a woodland home,
 And some from a palace golden,
 Deep under the earth, or under the wave,
 In their rainbow-hued attire,
 Brought from the deeps of the coral cave,
 The diamond mine, or the forest brave,
 Their feet keep time to the rhythmic stave
 And their gauzy wings in the red light lave
 Of the luminant Fairy's fire.

I ran to my window next day, to greet
 The sunlight's glad renewal—
 A bleak wind blew, and a driving sleet
 Had wrapped my bush in a winding sheet
 Of icicles cold and cruel,
 Had frozen the drops in the fairy well,
 And broken the mimic lyre;
 No more shall the Kelpies weave their spell,
 No more she lists to the choral swell,
 The violets whisper, the hyacinth's bell,
 The tinkling feet that on green sward fell,
 All gone from the Fairy's fire.

I looked on the frozen blossoms sweet,
 And thought of an "old, old story,"
 Where a bleak wind blew, and a wintry sleet
 Had shrouded a life in a winding sheet,
 And darkened its dawning glory;
 Of a dauntless spirit, by high aims led
 To dare, and to aspire,
 Prisoned and chained in an icy bed,

The fire in the veins all turned to lead,
And the leaping life-blood chilled and dead,
As that ice-storm circled thy sun-bright head,
My flame-hearted Fairy's Fire!

THE MYSTIC MUSIC.

L. V. F.

"The singular sounds known by this name, are mostly heard on the waters of Pascagoula and Biloxi Bays. They seem to issue from caverns, or grottoes in the bed of the bay, and, sometimes, to ooze up from the water under the very keel of the boat which contains the inquisitive traveler, whose ear it strikes, like the distant concert of a thousand *Æolian* harps." *Gayarre's Louisiana*.

'Twas when first the bold DeSoto led his mail-clad
cavaliers,
(Since that dark and distant era, have passed three
hundred years,)
With their Andalusian chargers marshalled on the
battle plain,
And banners waving to the cry—"St. Jago strikes
for Spain!"
To the siege of fair Mauvila, on the Alabamian
shore,
That we date this wondrous story of the fabled days
of yore.

By the silver Pascagoula, shadowed by the tulip
tree,
Dwelt a strange and pallid people, called the *Children of the Sea*;
And not the least resemblance to the red man's rugged
race
Bare they—of mild, majestic mood, and sunny,
smiling face;

They followed not the war-path; never paid the
battle vow,
Nor rose the council fire at night, beneath the for-
est bough.

Unharm'd, for them, the eagle sailed upon the
deeps of air,
The ban-wolf slumbered in his den, the panther in
his lair,
Unfrighted, peered the spotted fawn from out the
reedy brake,
And fearlessly the wild duck led her convoy on the
lake,
They never on the savage bear, the arrowy lances
drew,
Or chased the dun deer's flying track upon the
morning dew.

And stranger still it seems, to say, they had no
"place of graves;"
They drew existence from the sea—were buried in
its waves;
They lived as live the fairy tribes afloat on sum-
mer's breeze,
They died as die the summer flower, when autumn
paints the trees;
Their only care, to dance and sing within the forest
free,
In worship of their idol Queen, who dwelt beneath
the Sea.

A hoary Prophet of the Cross, unto them came one
even,
Perchance, from dark DeSoto's band, (perchance he
came from Heaven,
The old tradition does not tell,) yet certain 'tis,
that he
Soon wrought a mighty change upon those Children
of the Sea;
They sought no more the temple hid beneath its
leafy screen,
Where they used to chant, in worship of their God-
dess and their Queen.

One night—'twas in the summer time—the gentle
ladye moon

Stole up from tents of snowy clouds, with shining,
silver shoon,
To tread the fields of ether—'neath a giant tulip
tree
That like a domed temple rose in solemn majesty,
Were priest, and people gathered, and through the
branches dim,
Went up a pealing anthem—'twas the Virgin's ves-
per hymn.

The pines, like stately sentinels, each in his barky
mail
Stood round them, lifting up their crests into the
moonlight pale;
The orange, and magnolia hung their heavy, frag-
rant blooms
Amid the shade the wild grape made, of rich and
leafy glooms;
And as their white flakes floating fell, from out the
verdant mass,
It seemed the Spirit of the Snow lay sleeping on
the grass.

Upon the clear and buoyant air, a breeze-like music
swell
Of vocal hymns, along the wood, and o'er the waters
fell;
The Prophet's voice rose over all, a full, free, sweep-
ing tone,
Like an organ-peal, resounding on that shore so
wild and lone;
High it swelled the Ave Mary, and the giant
branches toss
To the song that shook their shadows, like great
banners of the Cross.

What sound of fear was that which broke upon the
anthem's close?
Was it a seaward rush of winds? The trampling
march of foes?
Or strong careering tempest? What is that amid
the din
That up the troubled river, like a cloud comes roll-
ing in?
What curse of blight is spoken on the fading tulip
tree?
Say, what may this betoken—pallid Children of the
Sea?

In a wan, and long procession, down the margin
they defile,
So steadily, so silently, so breathless all the while,
That e'en the cricket chirruped on, it felt no thrill of
dread,
The wakeful mock-bird heeded not their softly fall-
ing tread,
The parroquet to downy rest lay nestled close and
high,
And but the owl a moment woke, and shrieked his
boding cry.

In solid, serried phalanx stood they on the water's
brink,
The Prophet only, stood alone, a solitary link
In being's dark, mysterious chain—his frightened
pulses quiver,
As, gazing on a wizard scene—lo ! on the misty
river
Unfolds an elfin pageant—never more shall mortal
e'e
Behold such mystic beauty as the Goddess of the
Sea.

She sat upon the mist-cloud, lightly as the summer
air,
Round her brow there shone a halo, and a stream
of flowing hair
Golden as the deeps of sunshine fell, the tresses
floating far
Like amber waves of brightness from a coming comet
star :
Yet her cheek was pale with anger, and her eye
was full of ire,
A subtle spell of witchery, and yet, a tameless fire.

She sang—her voice was wild and sweet, and like
the fountain's play
When chanting forth its orison beneath the sum-
mer ray ;
Its euphony, in gliding by, sank deep into the soul,
As oft the billows swell, and sink, upon a sanded
shoal ;
A spell of balmy silence on the fettered breezes
hung,
And breathless stood the forest, as the weird mer-
maiden sung.

“Leave the forest—come to me—
Children of the sounding sea!
Leave your transient woodland homes,
For the ocean’s crystal domes;
None but we, their joys may tell—
Bid the land a long farewell!

Leave the Prophet—come to me—
Children of a faith more free!
Spirits like the wave or wind,
Spirits that have never sinned,
Neither cross, nor book, nor bell,
Need ye—bid the Priest farewell.

“Leave the temple—come to me—
From a strong oppressor flee,
Strangers tread the southern shore,
I may guard you there no more;
See! I weave my magic spell—
Bid the earth a last farewell!”

They started—paused a moment—then took up the
silver strain,
In a long, and swelling chorus, the woods replied
again;
Then, hand in hand, a loving band, they rushed
into the stream,
The waters closed—the mist went down—the moon’s
last fading beam
Looks down upon the placid wave whereon her
splendor shone,
The silent shore—the woodland wild—the pallid
Priest, *alone*.

Yet often now, when woods are green, and summer
skies are clear,
And when the moon sails slowly through the azure
atmosphere,
From out the sea-girt palaces beneath the sounding
main,
Steals up in fitful choruses, that mystic music
strain;
And oft the traveler starts, and lists, and wonders
curiously,
Enchanted by the voices of those Children of the
Sea.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

L. M.

They are coming again—the dusky Ghosts, from the
happy hunting ground ;
Low echoes whisper from far-off coasts of the hunt-
er's horn and hound,
The air grows dark with the serried hosts that rise
from each grassy mound.

The smoke of the camp-fire slowly curls round the
misty mountain side,
The birch canoe its light sail furls, through shadowy
caves to glide,
The fisher's spear in the moonlight whirls, and
sinks in the deepening tide.

Their oars dip soft in the darkening rills where the
water lilies blow,
They have lit their bon-fires on the hills, in the
maples' golden glow,
The warrior dresses his scarlet quills where the rip-
ening sumachs grow.

The wild duck's plumage glistening turns, where the
cedar waves apart,
The crimson thread of the wampum burns in the
woodbine, at its heart,
The moccasin lies where the yellow ferns from the
grey rock's fissures start.

The burning bush lights the calumet fire 'mid its
leaves of gold and green,
The Chieftain's tawny feathers tower where the
sour-wood's plumes are seen,
He has dropped his scarlet blanket o'er its branches'
glistening sheen.

Did'st think ye had driven him out for aye—Pale-
face, in your cruel pride?
Oh, fools, and blind! his memory from wood, nor
wave has died,
His bow still bends in your forests free, his skiffs
your waters ride.

When summer has breathed her last low sigh, when
the weird witch-hazel blooms,
The Manitou's voice is lifted high—"Red men! to
your old world homes!"
Then ghosts in a thousand graves that lie, come
forth from their mossy tombs.

And nature, in robes of red and gold, decks moun-
tain, and vale, and plain,
And birds in the depths of forests old re-echo the
glad refrain
Of wind, and water, and wood, and wold, to wel-
come the Ghosts again.

The sparrows twitter, the robins sing, the partridge
calls in the eorn,
The pheasant drums, as he did in spring, in the
hazy autumn morn,
The wild duck spreads his dusky wing, at the sound
of the ghostly horn.

Chieftain, and maiden, brave, and bride, in their
pomp and paint appear,
Under the forest leaves they hide when the day-
dawn draweth near,
You gaze on the wood in its festal pride, and say,
"the forest is here."

Ye are mortal clay, and your eyes are blind, these
shapes ye cannot see,
But come where the mandrake grows behind, the
wild witch-hazel tree,
Its juices shall your eyes unbind, to watch their re-
velry.

You must come to the deeps of a forest old, when
the midnight moon shines bright,
A lake in its heart gleams clear and cold, and their
oars are dipping light,
I know their trysting spot of old—will you come
with me to-night?

THE LOVER STAR.

L. V. F.

In accounting for the "Will-o-the-Wisp," the aborigines have, strange to say, embodied a similar idea to that which has, in later days, employed the pens of so many poets—the love of "the sons of God for the daughters of men."

In days of yore—so warriors tell
When bright the lodge-fire glows ;
Among the stars in Heaven that dwell,
A deadly feud arose.

For one had sinned—they said he loved
A maid of mortal mould,
And though from Heaven his spirit roved,
'Twas unconfessed—untold.

The shuddering stars were wrapt in gloom,
And on the thunder's path,
For that Star-spirit's final doom
They gathered in their wrath.

They soiled the snow-plumes on his wings,
They reft his radiant crown,
They crushed his harp of golden strings,
And dimmed his bright renown.

With fierce, bent brow, and angry frown,
Dark scowled each angel high ;
And when the rushing night came down,
They scourged him from the sky.

'Twas at the time when snow-wreaths melt,
And spring birds warble wild,

He sought the lodge where Mona dwelt,
Kohooma's only child.

Ah ! surely 'twas no lawless crime
To love so fair a thing ;
A dew-drop in the morning's prime,
A lily of the spring !

So pure in heart, so free from guile,
So beautiful, and still
So sad ; yet was her April smile
Like sunshine on a rill.

Her wild, sweet voice, on cloudless nights,
Like some strange spirit hymn,
Came winding up along the heights,
Until the stars grew dim.

Full oft her father's tribe would come,
As eve stole on apace,
To old Kohooma's woodland home,
To gaze upon her face.

Then slowly, to their wondering sight,
Upon the dusk would rise
The lonely, wandering Star, whose light
Lay deep in Mona's eyes.

Each night it hung above her brow
In all its lustrous pride,
And dark-eyed maidens called her now
The Starry-Spirit's Bride.

One morn—'twas when the days were long,
And in their summer glow,
She wandered where, the swamps among,
The bright red berries grow.

Her osier basket on her arm,
Her tresses floating free ;
The robes that decked her slender form
Were broidered curiously.

If, roaming thus amid the wild,
The hunter met her there,
He might have deemed the lovely child
Some spirit of the air.

She wandered on—the trail she lost
Amid the thickets dark,
And many a weary mile she crost
To find one homeward mark.

Her feet were scarred—the trickling blood
Had stained her path that day,
Yet through, the green and oozy flood
She kept her lonely way.

The night came down—the winds were out,
And hoarse the thunders rolled,
The storm was on his burrying route,
On pinions dark and cold.

Amid the gloom so deep and dread
The driving rain fell fast,
The cypress bowed its graceful head,
Low moaning to the blast.

Then why was Mona's love afar?
Why hid he from her sight?
Alas! not even a Lover Star
Could shine on such a night.

The day came up—the tempest slept—
The summer splendors burned;
But to the lodge of those who wept,
Young Mona ne'er returned.

Yet oft the hunter, lost at night
In some enchanted vale,
Still sees that lonely planet's light
Far floating on the gale;

As o'er the swamp, and through the fen,
And by the woodland wave,
In forest dell, or haunted glen
It seeks sweet Mona's grave.

THE RAINBOW.

L. M.

On a cloud of pearl and azure, sailing slowly o'er
the plain,
Sat the favored fairy hand-maid in Titania's elfin
train ;
The summer sunlight glinted through her floating,
golden curls,
As she took from out her casket, a string of costly
pearls.

With a laugh, the little fairy held her treasures
high in air,
Thinking that the sunbeam's glitter would make
them still more fair,
For diamonds shine with borrowed light, the world's
applause to win,
But ocean's tears, like loving hearts, shed radiance
from within.

Behind the elfin maiden, as she laughed in her de-
light,
Sat Puck, the waggish fairy, born for teasing man
and sprite ;
He cut the string, and down to earth the priceless
treasures flew,
And scattered over grass and flowers, like drops of
morning dew.

The little maid flew after them, her heart was sore
afraid,
But though she traveled fast and far, no pearl her
search repaid ;

The clouds made haste to help her, but they gathered dew in vain,
The ocean tears so lightly lost, were never found again.

Now Puck sat weaving many plans within his goblin brain,
For though he loved to laugh at her, he would not give her pain;
So down he dipped within the earth, and sought their darksome homes,
And held a solemn council with his ugly friends, the Gnomes.

Gay gleaming ore they brought him, and shining spangles too,
And holding them within a shell, aloft he gayly flew,
Then lightly dancing round her his waggish head he tossed,
Saying, "here are jewels brighter far than any you have lost."

The clouds left off their weeping, and the fairy laughed in glee,
But when she looked more closely, at the flashing trumpery,
She shook the shell in anger, with a loud and bitter cry,
When lo ! a radiant circle spanned the glowing summer sky.

Now often when the grieving clouds weep out their woes in rain,
Puck brings his spangles, and the play is acted o'er again;
But like the ill-got gold that gleams in many wretched homes,
'Tis but a vain, deceitful show—a present from the Gnomes.

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

L. V. F.

The little folk will be interested in learning that *perhaps*, the reason why, when the birds found the dead "Babes in the Wood,"

"The Robin Redbreast, pityingly,
Did cover them up with leaves"—

was because the Robin himself, was once a little child, who died of the "cruel Hunger-pain."

'Twas long ago, when red men roamed the forest,
Lords of this broad domain,
When in the valley, rose his simple wigwam,
His village, on the plain ;
There lived a chieftain's son young I-a-dilla,
The sachem's only child,
Just of the age to seek what guardian spirit
Upon his birth had smiled.

The old man was ambitious for his darling,
Who loved him passing well ;
And trusted that his deeds of noble daring
One day he would excel ;
So, for *his* son, a longer fast was ordered,
And longer prayers were said
Than had been used for any noted warrior
Whose fame he coveted.

A little lodge was built beside the river,
Fresh lined with matting clean,
And twelve long days and nights, the little chief-
tain
Must keep his fast therein.
He laid him down upon the fragrant rushes,
And covered up his face,
'Calm, waiting till the Manitou should visit
The consecrated place.

Each morning, to the lodge door, came the father
 With words of hope, and cheer,
 Exhorting him to dream of power and glory,
 And still to persevere.
 To all these glowing words of joyful promise
 The boy made no reply,
 But there, without a sigh, or moan, or murmur,
 He lay, with half closed eye :

Till at the dawning of the ninth day, meekly
 He murmured forth at last—
 “My father ! all my dreams do bode but evil ;
 Oh ! may I break my fast ?
 Our sachems thought that nine long days of fast-
 ing
 Were the Great Spirit’s due—
 My strength fails fast, my father—oh ! sweet mo-
 ther—
 May I not come to you ?”

The father answered rapidly and sternly,
 “You know not what you ask !
 Rise now ? come forth ? and what great need of
 glory
 Will bless a broken task ?
 In three days more your term will be completed ;
 A star without compeer,
 I then shall see you shine, “beloved of battle :”
 My brave boy, persevere !”

The boy obeyed—and shrouding up his features,
 He strove to shut the light
 Which seemed to tempt his spirit to complaining,
 Out from his failing sight ;
 But on the eleventh morning, when his breathing
 Told nature *must* give way ;
 He moaned again—“I die—oh ! save me father—
 Give me some drink to-day !”

The father heard—“My only son—and will you
 Bring shame upon my crest ?
 Bring night upon the old man, when his day-
 spring
 Is failing to the West ?”
 “I will not shame you father !” I-a-dilla
 Responded proudly—then

All fainting, back upon his bed of rushes
The poor boy sank again.

Another day—another night of torture,
When he so long in vain
Had struggled to command his reeling senses,
And crush the hunger pain :
Another day, whose light would strike like lances,
Deep in his fevered brain ;
Another night, whose spectres crowd the darkness,
With nerves upon the strain.

He heeded not—his heart was with his mother,
Bereft of every joy—
So pale—so silent—all her loving spirit
Gone out unto her boy :
Oh ! how she plead for him ! his youth, his beauty,
His spirit from above—
But the cold heart of pitiless Ambition
Heeds not the tears of Love.

The child oft heard, in his uneasy slumber,
Her whisper at the door,
And saw, between him and the twinkling starlight,
Her shadow on the floor ;
But shadowy waves of darkness came—unfurling
Between them evermore
Like clouds and mists which hurricanes are hurling
Upon some lonely shore.

Next morn, the father, bearing richest viands,
A fresh, delicious store,
Rare fruits, and dainty meats in bowls of cedar,
Stood by the low lodge door :
He whispered—"I-a-dilla ! I-a-dilla !"
But no soft answer came ;
He shouted loud—the wigwam all deserted,
Re-echoed to the name.

He entered—lo ! upon the ridge-pole summit
There sat a strange bright bird,
With rich, vermilion, breast, and raven pinions—
Wild thoughts within him stirred—

For well he knew his child—the good Manitou
 More merciful than he,
 Had looked upon the suffering boy with pity,
 And soothed his agony:

Had changed him to a bird—fair, friendly Robin,
 (Which ne'er was seen till then,)
 But which e'en now—though dimmed his primal
 plumage,
 Still haunts the homes of men.
 Bright bird! thy warbled lay, beside my window
 Is sounding clear and strong;
 Who knows but thou dost tell this sad, sweet
 story
 In thine enchanted song?

ETRUSCAN GOLD.

L. M.

In the Tuscan olive valley, where the Arno's waters
 flow,
 Round the grey walls of Arezzo, the shining ivies
 grow;
 She saw the dead gods come and go, the old faiths
 rise and fall,
 With the silence of the Ages spread above them
 like a pall;
 And the Bona Dea's temple, and the shrine where
 Christians pray,
 Alike have crumbled into dust—alike have passed
 away.

When ivy-clad Arezzo stood in pomp and pride and
 power,
 There lived a young gold-worker by her temple's
 gleaming tower;

An olive grew in beauty by his humble cottage
door,
And he sang beneath its shadows, though he lived
alone and poor,
For, like the spider's web, the threads beneath his
fingers were
Fine drawn, and bright, and rippling as a maiden's
shining hair.

One morning the king's daughter rode beneath his
olive's shade,
The summer sun looked dim beside the light her
presence made ;
She took no thought of him, but rode on gaily with
her train ;
But peace and sunlight rode with her—and came
not back again—
Beaten and cursed, he haunted still her steps by
night and day,
The olive pined for him, and drooped, and withered
quite away.

Over the plains of Tuscany the wings of Famine
spread,
And bleak starvation's hollow eyes their baleful
glimmers shed ;
The voice of lamentation filled the land with groans
and sighs,
And mothers slew their children, not to hear their
piercing cries ;
They besought the Bona Dea to raise her mighty
hand,
And lift the bitter curse from off the black and bar-
ren land.

Then spoke the temple's oracle : "Make me a sheaf
of corn
Of gold, with jewel grains that gleam like dews of
early morn,
Bound with twelve thousand threads of gold, in
strength like iron bands,
But finer than the spider's web, more gauze-like, in
the hands ;
Then your vines shall bend with clusters where the
summer sunlight glows,
And all this parching desert shall blossom like the
rose."

Great fear fell on the people—silence bound them
like a spell,
For who among that starving host should work such
miracle?
Hundreds essay the hopeless task, but one by one
they fail,
Who could weave gold that spider's web should be
less fine and frail?

Then rose the poor gold-worker from his bed of
misery,
Recalled his ancient lore, said: "Give me gold, and
I will try;"
The people mocked and jeered him, but the king
came slowly down,
With feeble step and heavy eye, from off his weary
throne;
His voice was faint and trembling, and his face was
wild and pale—
"We perish daily—give the begger gold—he can but
fail."

They gave him gold—he shut himself alone six
weary days,
And on the seventh, lo! he stood before the people's
gaze,
And in his hands twelve thousand threads of gleam-
ing gold did shine;
No spider ever wove so slight, no gossamer so fine—
They dragged their fleshless limbs along—they
watched with blood-shot eyes—
Would Bona Dea graciously accept the sacrifice?

There was silence in the temple—a voice came
through the air—
"By gold shall all Etruria live—let earth rejoice and
bear;"
Then o'er the plain the summer rain through sum-
mer sunlight glows,
And every hill and valley smiled and blossomed
like the rose.

Then cried the people with one voice—"Adore him
through the land!
Quick! bear him to the palace! crown him on the
king's right hand!"

But kneeling at the altar still, he gazed far down
the aisle,
"I nothing need. I gladly die, since it has made *her*
smile."

She never knew it was for her the golden web was
spun,
But the gods knew that *perfect love* this miracle had
won,
And said: "It's witness shall endure though na-
tions pass away,
And fade as summer clouds dissolve before the
beams of day;
A priceless boon, a deathless fame, this sacrifice
shall give—
Through all the future, by her gold, Etruria shall
live!"

And to this day, throughout the length of old Etru-
ria's land,
Her vanished people can be traced by one unerring
hand—
Etruscan gold, that glistens through her ruined
temple's gloom,
And rises from the ashes of her world-forgotten
tomb,
Where olives shiver in the wind, and bright maize
feathers fly
Above the buried cities, where forgotten nations
lie.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

L. V. F.

Far back adown the vale of time,
While yet the world was in its prime,
 There runs a story old,
Of how the giant River's might,
On one enchanted summer night,
First broke upon the gazer's sight—
 And thus, the tale is told.

Above the waters winding clear,
By strangers named "La Belle Riviere,"
 So beautiful and grand ;
No shining rivers fell, it seems,
And but a few half hidden streams
Reflected back the morning's beams,
 O'er all that pleasant land.

Not then, as now, on azure lake
Far winding like a silvery snake
The tall, white-shafted sycamore
Flung his long shadow from the shore,
Yet oft the hunter, when he strayed
To chase the game, by glen or glade,
Would say, when slumbering on the ground,
He heard a torrent's rage resound
Far, far beneath, until the shocks
Jarred harshly on the mighty rocks,
And shook their deep foundations—said,
(While sunk his voice with trembling dread,)
In whisper to the viewless air,
"Some Manitou lies prisoned there!"

For scatter'd o'er these pleasant lands,
There dwelt two friendly Indian bands ;
And each, a youthful "Brave" could name,
Who, in the martial race for fame,
And daring, meet for riper years,
Had far outstripped his young compeers.
Close friends they were : in childhood they
Had mingled in the mimic fray,
Had danced in light and careless glee
With summer breezes blowing free ;
Across the prairie wild and wide,
In youth, they hunted side by side
Together sought the eagle's brood
On mountain summits, grey and rude,
Or craggy cliffs, as bleak and bold
As those that crown the Odenwald.

Though both were strong, and fair to view,
And both were brave—but *one* was true.
Yatoba's broad and stalwart form
Stamped him a nursling of the storm,
And war was sunshine to his sight,
Whose path was as the vulture's flight.
His gifts, by nature's hand infused,
Had been for good, but all misused,
Their very wealth of force and fire
Enkindled hate and wrong desire,
Till whelmed beneath proud passion's wave,
He lived, the Machinitto's slave—
Who to him gave, in evil hour,
The soul that doth itself devour.

Not so Haw-ketah—ne'er was seen
A chieftain of more noble mien ;
Brave was he in red battle hours
And quick to speed the arrowy showers ;
On weary march, in skirmish rude,
Famous for skill, and fortitude ;
An aged Prophet blest his name—
"The Son of Thunder and of Flame"—
And bade him, for the right, be strong,
And bow to Death, but not to Wrong.

With manhood's prime there came a change,
And childhood's friends grew cold and strange,
Ah ! often thus first friendship ends—
They loved—and were no longer friends.

They loved a Sachem's only child,
Sweet blossom of that lonely wild ;
Wynona—bird upon the air—
Wynona, of the raven hair.
A cheek of bloom, a cloudless eye,
A voice of love and melody,
A form of grace, a foot of speed,
A motion like the swaying reed ;
The softened dusk of twilight skies
Had looked into her loving eyes ;
And, like the night-bird which awakes
An echo from a thousand brakes,
Her spirit heard its answer start
From every lofty, loving heart.
A noble beauty left its trace
On that serene and sunny face ;
For oft the sign of danger nigh
Would curl her lip, and light her eye,
The blood that warmed her noble sires
Would kindle on her cheek its fires,
And haughty smile and motion free,
Assert Wynona's majesty :
Vivid, and startling to behold
Such spirit in so soft a mould ;
It spoke in every feature fair,
The will to do—the soul to dare.

A Warrior's shadow, o'er her dreams
Shone pure and bright, as from afar
There shines within the Polar streams
The image of the Northern Star.
Yatoba loved her ; and the dart
Was madness to his fiery heart ;
And though forebodings, vague and vain,
Hung o'er his soul and racked his brain,
He labored, hoped, and struggled on,
To win a love—already won.
As the lithe serpent in the grove
Close watches the unconscious dove,
Heeding what time he best may dare
Beguile her to his subtle snare,
The fierce Yatoba's love and wrath
Lay lurking in Wynona's path.
Wynona, with a nameless fear
Beheld his brow and lip austere,

And when she met his serpent eye,
Shuddered, and fled, she knew not why.
She loved his rival, fair and brave,
Bold rider of the dancing wave,
Fleet foot upon the sylvan chase,
Keen eye upon the foeman's trace ;
And they were happy. Oft of late,
They heard the pheasant call his mate,
They saw the blossom kiss the bee,
The ivy clasp the stately tree,
The white-limbed clouds reposing lie
On the broad bosom of the sky—
All loving things around, above,
Unnoted, save by those who love.

The tribe was gathered, glad and gay,
To chase the night's soft hours away
In dance and song—for who could grieve
On sweet Wynona's bridal eve ?

Beneath a stately maple's shade,
Beside her father, stood the maid ;
The dancing fire-light ruby warm,
Fell softly o'er her slender form,
Flowed richly o'er her brodered dress,
Slept, jewel-like in every tress,
Blushed on her cheek, which love had paled,
And throbbing bosom half-unveiled.

The Sachem's eye was on his child,
Its glance was softened now, and mild ;
He murmured low—"Okona's pride !"
And drew her closer to his side.
Clasped were his hands, and calm his air,
The breeze just stirred his silvered hair ;
On many a war-path he had been,
Mingled in many a battle keen ;
And now, must show the gathering crowd
That time his spirit had not bowed.
But hark ! a shout rings loud and high,
The Bridegroom and his band are nigh,
The chief his belt and mantle dons,
And stands—a statue wrought in bronze.

That instant o'er the moonlit sod
A stately band of Warriors trod ;

And at *one* quick, elastic tread
Wynona's blushes came and fled ;
When on her heart fell love's low words
How beat it, like a frightened bird's ;
And then, as on her soul the while
They melt ! how radiant was her smile !
In presence of that gathered band,
The Sachem took his daughter's hand,
And gave it to Haw-ketah bold ;
Then gathered up his mantle's fold,
And thus in mingled pride and grief
Addressed the youthful stranger chief.

“Young Pine tree ! in thy pride of place,
The hope of thine illustrious race ;
 The red blood's fiery glow
That warmed Okona's noble dead,
That lit Okona's life has fled,
And years about his aged head
 Have bound a wreath of snow.

“Namoya left him one bright flower
To cheer his lodge in darkest hour,
 And light his lonely fate ;
But when Okona forth has gone
To rest beneath Namoya's stone,
His only flower will be alone,
 Her wigwam desolate.
Then, in the morning of thy pride,
Take thou this blossom to thy side ;
While woodlands wave, and waters shine,
Son of the mighty—she is thine !”

What means that group of painted men
In covert hid, in yonder glen ?
What band of armed marauders, these
With stealthy footsteps through the trees
Advancing—now in shade concealed,
And now in moonlight half revealed ?
Ha ! bursts the war-whoop wild and high,
Yatoba's fearful battle cry !
A moment—fierce replies resound,
Conflict and carnage rage around.
Haw-ketah hears—his answer rings,
And like the panther, forth he springs,

Yet turns again, with frenzied start,
To clasp Wynona to his heart,
That burning heart—then fiercely, in
He plunges, 'mid the strife and din.

Wynona, like the Bride of Death,
With straining eye, and gasping breath,
Stands rigid—on her cheek no tear,
Wild throbs her bosom—'tis not fear
But love divine, and duty high
There struggle for the mastery.
Like winds that mingle wave and cloud,
The vengeful Braves to battle crowd ;
A war-whoop rings—a pause—again
Thrills through her heart that piercing strain ;
They sway apart—ha ! can it be
Haw-ketah on his bended knee—
And high above Yatoba's dart
Just poised, to strike him to the heart ?
She sees it—with a sudden cry
Of maddened, 'wilder'd agony,
She springs into the conflict high,
To save her lover—and to die—
Her arms about him wildly thrown,
She shields his bosom with her own !

Vain hope had been Wynona's then,
Had mercy rested but with men :
Yatoba, stung afresh, to view
His rival thus defended drew
One moment back, to make his aim
More deadly, and their death the same—
Hark ! the Great Spirit, from above,
Beholds the sacrifice of Love,
And ere the deadly dart descends,
The solid earth in sunder rends,
And lo ! enwrapt in flaming sheen,
A dreadful chasm yawns between !
'Mid rolling mists, that upward eurled,
A strong, swift, sweeping torrent hurled
And heaved, (though not a breath was there,)
His mountain billows high in air.
Then, through the rock-embattled steep
Clove his great pathway, dark and deep ;
As when some veteran chief at bay,
With trenehant, dripping blade, his way

Cuts through the serried hosts—his blows
Devouring all who dare oppose.

Thus were they rescued—'mid the roar
And din, from the receding shore,
One solitary, fiendish cry
Of disappointment rent the sky—
Then wave and flame, a sable wreath
Sent up—the echo died beneath—
And by the crag, and on the shore,
Yatoba's form was seen no more.

Perchance these woods, and wild flowers wave
O'er sweet Wynona's forest grave ;
Perchance the breeze that wanders by
Is whispering—"Here her ashes lie !"
It matters not—life's nobler part
Was hers—the empire of the heart ;
Its glory to her grave is lent,
The *River* is her monument.
Hail mighty torrent ! broad and free,
Whose waters seek the Southern Sea ;
As lightning cleaves the cloudy mass,
Thy shining billows swiftly pass,
And o'er still earth and sleeping sky
Send up their awful harmony.
At Love's command, these hills were torn,
There, Giant River, thou wert born—
God's mighty argument, to prove
That *all things great are born of Love.*

THE BURNING HEART.

L. M.

The idea embodied in this legend was suggested by reading the History of The Caliph Vathek, by Wm. Beckford. The concluding paragraph of the story runs thus :

"In the midst of this immense hall, a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them. They had all the livid paleness of death, their eyes deep sunk in their sockets resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie, some shrieking with agony, ran furiously about, like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows, whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along, more frantic than the maniac. They all avoided each other, and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheeding of the rest, as if alone on a desert which no foot had trodden."

* * * * *

"Having uttered this exclamation, Soliman raised his hands towards Heaven, in token of supplication, and the Caliph discovered through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames."

* * * * *

"At almost the same instant, the same voice announced to the Caliph, Nouronihar, the five princes, and the princess, the awful and irrevocable decree. Their hearts immediately took fire, and they at once lost the most precious of the gifts of Heaven—Hope. These unhappy beings recoiled, with looks of the most furious distraction; Vathek beheld in the eyes of Nouronihar, nothing but rage and vengeance; nor could she discern aught

in his, but aversion and despair. The two princes, who were friends, and till that moment had preserved their attachment, shrunk back, gnashing their teeth, with mutual and unchangeable hatred. Kalilah and his sister made reciprocal gestures of imprecation, whilst the two other princes testified their horror for each other by the most ghastly convulsions, and screams that could not be smothered. All severally plunged themselves into the accursed multitude, there to wander in an eternity of unabating anguish."

In the creed of the orthodox Mahometan, Mouker and Nakir, two black and terrible angels, called the Searchers of the Grave, are supposed to visit the graves of the newly dead, examine them regarding their earthly life and conduct, and pronounce their sentence of reward or punishment.

'Neath a dull grey sky, where the wild winds sigh,
And the weeping willows wave,
On a cold white stone, with a gibbering moan,
Crouch the Searchers of the Grave;
In the grasses dank, with a hollow clank,
Their skeleton feet keep time
With the iron bands on their fleshless hands,
To a weird and ghostly rhyme.

"Ho! Spirits fair—on the viewless air
Upborne upon shadowy wing—
Look on as we tread the dance of the dead,
And list to the dirges ring;
And hear us tell of the blight that fell
On the beautiful and brave,
How the proud and the gay, became the prey
Of the Searchers of the Grave.

Oh! sweet and fair was the maiden rare,
Of a pure and spotless fame;
Oh! brave and proud was the noble lord
Who gave her his princely name;
Divine the grace of his brother's face,
And matchless the charms that won
By their passion spell, to the deepest hell,
These children of the Sun.

Oh! keen was the sword of that noble lord,
Oh! false were the hearts it clave,

Oh! swift was the blow that laid them low
In the gloom of the traitor's grave:
Now speed your flight on the wings of night—
Where the ebony portals part,
King Eblis stands with welcoming hands
To the halls of the Burning Heart."

Deep in that sin-stained grave, two forms are lying,
Locked in a close embrace
Above it, two winged Shades are slowly flying
Through midnight's clouded space;
Before *her* gaze, her shameful past revealing,
Dread shapes of memory roll;
Pale-eyed Forgetfulness is sadly sealing
His guilt-beclouded soul.

Their shadow wings, each spectral shape upholding,
Pause in their onward flight;
His shadow arms her phantom form enfolding,
Like Darkness clasping Night;
Like winter's stars, that midnight clouds are veiling,
His eyes gleam coldly drear,
Like winter's wind through midnight forest wailing,
His voice falls on the ear.

"Whence came we? Whither journey? What our
mission?
Since mortal life is done,
Remembrance but recalls love's sweet fruition,
Through death's dark portal won;
Through blinding clouds that o'er me darkly hover,
One star alone doth shine—
That thou wert once Francesca—I, thy lover—
And *that thou still art mine.*"

In this dim hour, when spirits disembodied
Can shape, nor substance claim,
Then only is 'Remembrance' light afforded
On joy, or grief, or shame;
So Memory's key, Francesca's eyes beholding,
The past's dark scroll unsealed,
The LEGEND OF THE BURNING HEART, unfolding,
Never before revealed.

Afar on the outward verge of Time,
In the cold, grey dawn of Years,

Ere the morning stars sang their matin chime
Over human hopes and fears,
Ere joy, and sorrow, and peace, and strife
Were joined in a God-like whole—
And He breathed in his nostrils the breath of life,
And man was a living soul ;

The world was peopled with beings bright,
More subtle, and strong, and free,
Fairy, and Peri, and Gnome, and Sprite,
Joined hands in their goblin glee,
And builded the palace of Istakhar,
With its temples, and towers, and wings,
For Gian Ben Gian, who reigned, the peer
Of the old Pre-Adamite kings.

He builded the Pyramids, towering high
Over Egypt's arid plain,
Turret, and minaret pierced the sky,
The secrets of Heaven to gain ;
With wand, and talisman, charm, and spell,
Wrought deeper, and broader, and higher,
Till he dared at last, the powers of hell
As a worshiper of fire.

Two thousand years, over earth he reigned,
Through ruin, and discord dire,
When Eblis, him and his subjects chained
In the subterranean fire,
Where Afrit, and Demon, fierce and fell,
Through its lurid chasms dart,
Where hatred and anguish ever dwell,
In the halls of the Burning Heart.

As clear as crystal the bosom shone,
Where the life-blood circling came,
And the heart within was scorched and worn
In a bed of glowing flame ;
And Hope—Heaven's brightest, chiefest boon,
Fled shrieking from the shore,
And through these halls of ghostly gloom
Despair reigned evermore.

Age after age, from his throne of fire,
King Eblis watched their pain,

Till slowly upon the funeral pyre
The flames began to wane ;
And eyes that glared with the maniac's wail,
Or fierce, demoniac dread,
Grew dull and cold, as a corpse-light pale,
That glimmers above the dead.

As up from his gloomy cavern springs
The monarch of the storm,
The tempest cloud, as a mantle flings
Around his giant form,
And breathes in the lightning's deadly stroke,
And laughs in the thunder's tone,
So the mighty Evil within him spoke
To the demons round his throne.

The fire is waning—the heart grows cold,
The worm is uncoiling his deadly fold,
The frenzied cry, and the madman's glare
Is hushed, and sunk to a stony stare ;
No hellish agonies keenly dart,
Through the quivering core of the Burning Heart ;
For anguish only a heart can wring
Where *good* with evil, is combatting ;
No torturing fire can kindled be
In a soul of black malignity,
And this numbed state, when the worst is told,
Is only a palsy, dull and cold :

How shall I bid the Fire-fiend start
From his deepening sleep in the Burning Heart ?
No living sacrifice waits its turn,
No torch to kindle, no brand to burn ;
For there on its altars, cold and dark,
Lie the ghosts of dead loves, stiff and stark,
And the blackened brands of its scattered fire
Are strewn with the ashes of dead desire ;
Ambition lifts not his regal head
Within these halls of the living dead,
No dreams of fame through these dulled brains play,
For Failure's besom to sweep away,
No golden visions of wealth to be,
Lie starving in hovels of penury,
No budding blossoms of promise good
Sink drowning in Disappointment's flood,
No fair creation of painter's brush
For the critic's cruel sneer to crush,

No dream Elysian, of poet's pen,
For the vulgar jeering of ribald men—
Lo! Eblis, formed of ethereal fire,
Must trail his mantle in earthly mire,
His crown and scepter, must sign away
To man, who was fashioned of common clay,
And from Earth-born passion's ebb and swell,
The secret learn of the deepest hell.

Wing your flight to the upper air,
Ye who the brand of Eblis bear!
Afrit and Demon, Ghoul, and Dive,
Swim the seas, and the mountains rive,
Ride on the whirl-wind, cleave the sky
Where the black browed tempest rushes by;
Marking the children of men, who tear
The image of God from their foreheads fair,
Setting the seal of the dragon there;
Aiding the Devils of Drink and Play
To burn their brand on the child of clay,
Bidding the damning witness stand
On the midnight murderer's blood-stained hand,
And passion's pulses to throb and dart
Through the seething veins, and the molten heart;
Thus shall the soil prepared be
For the roots of the old ancestral tree.

And next, to the realms of upper air,
The doomed of the hall of Eblis bear,
And breathe each soul, with its passions wild,
Into the form of a new born child;
Christen each brow with its Prince's name,
Sprinkle each heart with its seething flame,
Brand in each bosom, a blood red dart,
The sign, and seal of the Burning Heart.

No need then for the powers of hell
To work with philter, and ban, and spell,
But leave these souls in the fostering care
Of Adam's sons, and his daughters fair.

Regal ambition shall rear his head,
And beckon, to follow his princely tread,
And brave Endeavor, his altars raise,
And star-eyed Hope, bid the fagots blaze;

But the mighty besom in Failure's hand
Threatens to scatter the burning brand,
When smooth tongued Sophistry whispers low—
"This evil plant, that this good may grow."

Ye toil, ye build, but on turret high
The ghost of your dead sin, white shall lie,
And gilded tower, and palace fair
Shall crumble to ashes, and melt in air ;
For the deadly breath of an evil done
Shall trail its venom o'er triumphs won,
Staining the fair, bright future years
With its leprous hue, and its rain of tears.

Ye toil, ye strive, but ye cannot rebuild
The castle with sun-bright visions filled,
Each day its battlements gleaming higher,
In a knightly soul, and a heart of fire ;
The cup ye held to that eager lip,
Its gall and wormwood, your life shall sip ;
A legion strong ye may save from death
By the magic power of your warning breath,
But the strength of angels cannot roll
That stone from the sepulchre of your soul.

Ye sleep, ye dream, through the charmed hour,
Cradled in Passion's rose-crowned bower,
His world is a garden of blossoms bright,
His breath is summer, his smile is light,
His promise, your faithful covenant bow,
His mandate, the only God you know ;
His kiss, the sun on your darkness riven,
His full fruition—your highest heaven.

Sleep on ! dream on ! till his cursed spell
Has kindled your heart with the fires of hell,
And filled each bounding and quivering vein
With the molten fire of its sulphurous rain ;
Then wake, to see that your sun has set,
Your blossoms with chilling frosts are wet,
Your bow has faded, your smile has fled,
Your Heaven has vanished—your God lies dead—
And know, no powers that in darkness dwell
Can heap the coals of so fierce a hell.

Then sleep again—for another face
Shall haunt your dreams with its witching grace,
The curves of another swaying form
Shall thrill your bosom with visions warm,
A lip of coral, an eye of pride,
Shall start the flow of the pulses' tide,
And the demon spell shall be brought again,
Forever fading—forever vain.

Thus toil through the span assigned to men,
The measure of "three score years and ten,"
When the mortal frame must waste, and die—
Then cleave your way through the vaulted sky,
From the charnel house, through the gloomy hells,
To the burning halls where Eblis dwells.
Your mortal life from your view to hide,
He will lave your spirit in Lethe's tide,
And deep in your quivering brain will press
The burning brand of forgetfulness.

And then, in another mortal frame,
With bounding pulses, and heart of flame,
You shall bear your burdens, and weep your tears,
And learn the passion and pain of years ;
Building forever, on hopes that fade,
Dreaming forever, on loves betrayed,
Piling a fresh oblation ever,
On the altar-stone of strong Endeavor,
The fuel, Hope, and the torch, Desire—
Oh ! passionate soul and heart of fire !
Go forth from the hall where demons dwell,
To a deeper, darker, deadlier Hell !

Thus, climbing, falling, fainting—as the ages roll
away,
The Legion of the Burning Heart their dread atone-
ment pay ;
Forever climbing upward, where the sun of Pas-
sion shines,
Forever plunging downward, when its beacon light
declines ;
Forever roaming onward, through Hope's summer
scented wood,
Forever chilled and hungered in its midnight soli-
tude ;

Forever building palaces, with rainbow-tinted halls,
Forever crushed and bleeding, 'neath the ruins of
 its walls ;
Forever sailing outward, over Pleasure's rosy sea,
Forever sinking in its waves of black satiety.

But, as down the hoary centuries Time's sandal
 steals apace,
This legion of the lost is gaining heritage of grace ;
For, as no torture can endure, save good with evil
 wars,
These souls, though worn, and covered o'er with
 many battle scars ;
From out the dross of earth, and sense, in crucible
 sore tried,
Slow, one by one, show grains of gold—by fire puri-
 fied ;
Slow, one by one, the upas leaves are seared, and
 scorehed, and dried,
Ambition shades no more the heart—by fire puri-
 fied ;
Slow, drop by drop, the poisoned waves of earth-
 born Passion's tide
Exhale from out the Burning Heart—by fire puri-
 fied ;
Slow, one by one, the angels come, and in its halls
 abide,
And Self and Sense die in the heart—by fire puri-
 fied ;
Slow, inch by inch, the ramparts yield—the seige is
 pressing on—
Slow, step by step, the walls are scaled—the Citadel
 is won !

THE LOST BRIDE.

L. V. F.

In the upper part of New Orleans, not far from the river, stands an old house, well known in that part of the city as "The Haunted House," or "The House of the Lost Brides." It is said no tenant can be induced to remain long in it, but all frightened by supernatural sights and sounds, speedily seek another dwelling.

Yonder looms the Crescent city ! see her castellated
 spires
Glow like heaven-pointed torches, in the sunset's
 ruddy fires ;
There is pride within her mansions, there is mirth
 within her walls,
Laughter on her dancing waters, music in her
 lighted halls.

Yet dream not all is happiness, for haunts of bitter
 woe,
And pits of seething wretchedness lie hidden deep
 below ;
Her reeking bosom bears within, the plague-spot
 and the stain,
For want, and wickedness, and woe lurk in its dark
 domain.

She bears too, on her breast, a scar, that tells to
 coming time
A tale of wild and wasted love, and beauty's blight-
 ed prime ;
It is an old deserted house, with chambers dim and
 grey,
Long years ago enshrouded in the mantle of decay.

A nameless horror long hath hung its shadow o'er
 the spot,
 By man and beast alike 'tis shunned, and yet 'tis
 not forgot,
 For dark Tradition wanders there, and peers from
 casements old,
 Or whispers tales that chill the heart, and make
 the blood run cold.

“In ancient days”—she mutters—“in the darkling
 days of yore—
 (Her voice is hoarse, as when at night the river
 chafes the shore,)
 There dwelt within these lofty halls, a Cavalier of
 Spain,
 And where your noble city stands, spread out his
 broad domain.

This house of solitude, now filled with dim, deserted
 shades,
 Rose grandly then, with pillared halls, and airy col-
 onnades,
 Bright, laughing eyes glanced in and out its beauti-
 ful alcoves,
 And fairy footsteps sped along its blooming orange
 groves.

All desolate is now the court, and silent is the hall,
 No passing shadow save the bat's, is on the mould-
 ering wall;
 If sound creeps up the corridors from out the ruin's
 gloom,
 'Tis only mine—and what is mine?—an echo from
 the tomb.

It was not so in other days, when shook this lordly
 house
 To morn's triumphant tourney peal, or midnight's
 deep carouse,
 When evening stars glanced down upon the mask-
 er's quaint array,
 And daughters of its noble line led out the dancers
 gay.

Seven damsels they, of beauty rare, and heaven will
 never bless

The world again with purer souls, or richer loveliness :

Zarada, of the clear dark eye, at times so shy and wild,

Whose face was shadow if she wept, and sunshine if she smiled ;

And Zulieme a timid flower that shunned the blaze of noon,

But oped the treasures of her heart beneath the midnight moon ;

Leora, with her lips of love, and cheek like summer rose,

Imelda, of the regal form and mien of proud repose,

Ximena, bright, imperial queen, whose beauty seemed to throw

O'er every brilliant scene of earth, its own resplendent glow.

With raven tress, and lustrous eye, the child of sunny Spain,

Of loyal heart, and noble mind, the beautiful Romaine ;

And last, and loveliest of all, so gentle, and so true,
Young Elenoire, with golden hair, and eyes of wondrous blue.

But beauty will be wooed and won—a glorious bridal morn

Shone over young Zarada's brow, of light and splendor born ;

And dark browed maidens wreathed the rose, and snowy orange flowers,

With jessamine buds, and myrtle blooms, to crown the festal hours.

And see ! a proud and gallant barge adown the stately stream

Bears on to landward—all her sails are tipped with golden gleam,

Zarada's lordly lover comes—the boatman's choral song

Reverberates, the swelling waves and verdant shores along.

In sooth it was a gallant sight, to see the sunlight
 pour
 O'er burnished side, and pennon fair, and quaintly
 carved prore ;
 And sweet to list the cadences of oar, and song, and
 wave,
 Till soft, responsive choruses the waiting echoes
 gave.

The bridal train was gathered there, the holy priest
 was nigh,
 The sire so fond, the sisters fair, already standing
 by,
 The bridegroom, and his company, when loud the
 herald cried,
 "The hour wanes on—make way, my Lords—Ho !
 wait we for the Bride !"

The Bride ? *No one has seen the Bride !* and flying
 footsteps traced
 The chambers, corridors, and halls, with wild and
 frantic haste ;
 They through the groves and gardens called, up-
 starting if a bird,
 Or wanton wing of summer wind, the glossy leaf-
 lets stirred.

The Bridegroom, frenzied in his grief, through thick-
 ets hunted wild,
 The father smote his breast, and cried—"Oh God !
 restore my child !"
 The pallid sisters called her name along the sound-
 ing shore,
 But sweet Zarada's gentle voice an answer gave no
 more.

Oh ! where was she ? that lovely one—beneath the
 orange boughs,
 Had she a traitress, listened to another's passion
 vows ?
 Had some foul fiend from out the swamps her foot-
 steps led astray ?
 Or pirates from the stormy gulf this treasure borne
 away ?

Oh Sire ! bethink thee earnestly—did red-browed
 vengeance there

For sin of *thine*, around *her* spread a sure and secret
snare?

For some deep wrong, some covered crime, which
seared thine early day,
Did thus, the dread Avenger seek, and claim his
rightful prey?

We cannot know. So time passed on. The spirit's
buoyant swell
Lifts up again the mourning soul from sorrow's
blighting spell;
As rises to the sun again, the light, elastic flower,
Which laid its cheek upon the earth before the
driving shower.

'Tis strange—and yet the wounds of heart, that
weep rich blood like rain,
When Time, the vampire, fans them, lose their deep
and deadly pain;
We bow at last to Destiny, whose Medean decree
'Tis worse than madness to resist, and folly still to
flee.

It lists me not to tell how Youth and valor owned
the power
Of Beauty—till was wooed and won each lovely
Spanish flower;
Or how, upon each bridal morn, they vanished, one
by one,
Until the last, sweet Elenoire, stood by her sire
alone.

And how her heart was pledged to one returned
from battle field,
With laurels round his lofty brow, and honors on
his shield;
Distinguished he for valor, toil, and manly fortitude,
Whose pathway to the goal of Fame lay through
the forest rude.

He laughed away his lady's fears, and kissed from
off her brow
The gloom which gathered when he sought her
plighted marriage vow,

With love's most potent arguments he wiled her
doubts away,
Till blushing on his breast, she smiled, and named
the fatal day.

Again the bridal train had met, but dimly through
the room
There crept a chill of dread suspense, a harbinger
of doom;
The melting voice of song was hushed, the jest, the
laugh, were dead,
And from the maiden's cheek and lip the summer
rose had fled.

The priest had named the bridal pair—when, burst-
ing from its shroud,
Down poured the rain in torrents from the cleft and
inky cloud,
And shook the stately mansion, as the storm went
driving past,
As though a host of battle-fiends rode forth upon
the blast.

Then, borne along in mad career, they heard the
headlong speed,
The rush and bay of blood-hounds, and the neigh
of demon steed;
Anon, a giant form, which *cast no shadow on the wall*,
In kirtle green, and sable plumes, strode up the sil-
ent hall.

Fixed was his stern, relentless eye—it swerved to
neither side,
But glared with thirsty lustre, on the pallid, shrink-
ing bride,
His glances fell like fire-flakes—deep as molten ore
in hue,
Scorching, drinking up the life-light in those pit-
eous orbs of blue.

She feels she faints in gazing, yet she cannot choose
but gaze
In those eyes of hellish lustre, steadfast in that
demon face;

O'er her purple lips is ebbing fast, a rich and ruddy
stain,
The ripples of a dying brook which ne'er shall flow
again.

Surging like the hungry ocean round the jewel-
freighted ships,
Closed his strong embrace around her, while the
vow was on her lips;
She sank, as into an abyss—the crowd, by fear dis-
armed,
Sat white and mute with terror, like birds when
serpent charmed.

Then swift, as through a crowd of dead, he passed,
and off again,
His triumph shout was echoed by his fiendish
phantom train,
With wild, weird bugle ringing out, and shrieks of
laughter rude,
Passed on, the savage tumult of his trampling mul-
titude.

Yet to this day—when storms are out, the wretched
father stands
Before his desolated hearth, and wrings his shad-
owy hands;
While loud above the tempest rings the din of
hound and horse,
And bugle horn, as scouring forth along the Me-
tairie course,
The Demon-hunter rides amain, 'mid showers of
sulphurous ore,
Close clasping to his breast his bride, the Lady
Elenoire!

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

L. M.

In the valley of Gethsemane, where Sharon's roses
bloom,
The Mother of our risen Lord lay sleeping in the
tomb;
And Jesus to his angels said—"What honor shall
be given
To her who was the Mother of the Lord of earth and
heaven?"

Then answered they—"Lord, suffer not thy Holy
One to see
Corruption—and thy dwelling place let not destroy-
ed be;"
Then Jesus said—"Rise up, my Dove! my fair one,
come away,
Thou shalt not lie in darkness—rise to Heaven's
glorious day!"
Then her soul rejoined her body, and in youth's
eternal bloom,
The Mother Mary, glorified, ascended from the
tomb.

With silent, sorrow-stricken hearts, oppressed with
grief and gloom,
The lone Apostles wept for her, beside her empty
tomb;
But one among them halted still, to trust his broth-
ers' word,
'Twas Thomas—he who doubted first, the rising of
his Lord;

Depressed, and doubting still, he stood among the
sad eleven,
And asked, as he had asked before—"Give me a
sign from Heaven !"

They opened the sarcophagus—it held no body fair,
But heavenly fragrance floated up, and filled the
summer air;
Hiding their waxen bells beneath broad leaves of
shining green,
Lay Lilies of the Valley—first on earth that e'er
were seen.

Henceforth, on Easter morning, when the altar's
roses bloom,
To hail the Prince and Savior, who has risen from
the tomb,
Bring Lilies of the Valley, and their fragrance shall
award
A stainless, virgin tribute to the Mother of our
Lord.

THE OLD DATE TREE.

L. V. F.

This strange relic of the past, stands in a neglected spot near the corner of Orleans and Dauphine streets, New Orleans. Palm-like, the trunk rises to the height of perhaps, forty feet, and appears to be of two distinct growths. From the ground to about one-half its height, it is some three feet in circumference, and presents the appearance of an agglomerated mass of thin fibrous roots; while from this, springs a slender shaft, apparently composed of small flat stones, irregularly laid and cemented by rude masonry. From the summit of this shaft spreads out a leafy capitol of long, graceful foliage, mingled with heavy, clustering blooms, of a rich, creamy whiteness. Of all the beautiful trees and flowers that fill the groves and gardens of that sunny clime, I remember but this wild stranger of the desert, standing in the solitary place, neglected, and alone.

Wake, wake thy harp!—be its minstrelsy
The lays that it lightly held
When the wine flowed free, 'mid the festal glee,
In the storied days of Eld.

Or tell us a tale of gramarye,
For a shade on thy soul is cast,
And thy life throbs weak and wearily,
Thou voice of the hoary Past!

The minstrel bard was old, and the Southron
young and bold,
And they sat 'neath the wizard tree,
As the rude, and mystic rhyme of a tale of olden
time;
On the wind sighed fitfully.

“List thee, gentle Cavalier !” thus began the aged
Seer,
“And the legend mock not thou ;
For its curse is deep and dread, and it lieth on the
dead,
’Tis a fearful meed, I trow.

Many the moons that have have waxed and waned
O’er the giant river’s flow,
On the lonely shore, it was marked, and more
Than a hundred years ago.

A cabin rough and rude by the rushing river stood,
Where an exile dwelt alone,
And his solitary lamp struggled though the murky
damp,
When the day’s red fires were gone.

His story was wrapped in mystery,
And often the honest hind
If he passed, at twilight late, by the lonely wicket
gate,
Stole a restless glance behind.

Where, like a goblin quaint, sat he in his ghostly
haunt,
With his head beneath a cowl,
And the only friends to him, were a wolf-dog huge
and grim,
And a blear-eyed, mousing owl.

When he trod the open glade, his presence seemed
a shade
On the morning’s golden air,
The frightened children fled, and the gossip shook
her head,
And mumbled a hasty prayer.

Dark with storm grew the brow of heaven,
Darker its gathering frown,
And the clouds were riven by the burning levin,
And the dun night shades came down.

Through the dank and drooping moss, as its shaggy
surges toss,
Howled the melancholy wind,

And raging cold, o'er the wintry wold
The battling tempest dinned.

Sullenly, and hoarse, sped the river on its course,
As the storm waxed loud and high,
And the wolves were out on their midnight rout,
With their famished, wailing cry.

Is it the muffled strokes of the wind among the
oaks—
That dreary, doleful sound?
Or the chafing of the tide 'gainst the sullen river's
side,
That echoes deep around?

There! a heavy, grating sound
A crash, and a ring of steel;
But the storm fiend shrieked, and wild winds drown-
ed
The tramp of an armed heel.

Clank! o'er the lonely threshold stone;
Tramp! through the silent hall;
Round the stranger lone, on the white wall shone
Three shadows dark and tall.

With armor ready laced, and sinews steady braced,
They desperate stood—and dire,
Through the heavy visions dark, shot the red, de-
fiant spark
Of a couchant tiger's ire.

With frenzied eyes, and bristling hair,
That gaze the victim shuns
Too well he knows the scowl, and stare
Of Fate's dread myrmidons.

In his wavering glance, the corpse-lights dance,
And he hears a spirit cry—
"Tis the evil hour when death clouds lower,
Prepare—thou doomed—to die!"

Wild glared his eye of flame, and his color fled and
came
"What would ye here?" he said;

Like a melancholy moan, rose the measured mono-
tone,
And it muttered—"Mahmoud's head!"

The tempest broke, and e'er it ran
Its course, the strife was o'er;
With a deadly ban, the yataghan
Was dyed in kindred gore.

Three steel blue blades were drenched in blood,
Three points, the heart had found—
Like lightning played the trenchant blade,
And reeling, sunk, a headless trunk
Upon the bloody ground.

In gloom the naked garden boughs
Fierce battled with the blast,
And the sleet-storm froze on swarthy brows
As a muffled train stole past.

Sounds strange, and dull, in the tempest's lull,
Were heard o'er the water's rave,
As they shovelled the mold o'er the victim cold,
And trampled his hurried grave.

"Allah il Allah!" they muttered low,
"Tis a royal, rightful doom;
Stinted and slow, let the date tree grow
On the traitor's gory tomb!"

The dun clouds broke as the day awoke,
And the dismal rites were done;
With the last rude stroke, the leader spoke,
"Hence—hence—we must be gone!"

Through the swamp they toil and strain, till the
Nebec's deck they gain,
And the storm-swept shore is lone—
Of their vengeance fierce and fell can the hoary
Creole tell,
And the doom of the dark unknown.

In the casement low at night, burned no more the
pallid light,
Nor the wan, wild eyes looked through,

And for him, no tolling bell woke the echoes with
a knell,
Save the north-wind's dismal sough.

By the lonely mound, the wolf-like hound
Had moaned, and starved, and died,
As the owl's last cry from the branches high
Smote shivering far and wide.

But a slender shoot there struck its root
In the grave of guilt and gloom,
And "stinted and slow does the date tree grow
On the traitor's gory tomb."

So ends the tale ; as told to me
I tell it—weird and dread ;
Would'st question more ? go ask the tree
That guards the guilty dead.

THE WIND.

L. M.

Out of his sea-girt cavern rides
The monarch of the storm ;
The frightened moon her wan face hides
At sight of his goblin form ;
His smile breaks out in the lightning's flash,
He speaks in the thunder's tone,
And his slaves, the Whirlwinds, madly dash
Around his cloud-wreathed throne.

His thunders roll, and his lightnings flash
Athwart the midnight skies,
As the groaning timbers reel and crash
Where the white-capped billows rise ;
And he breathes his fierce, destroying breath,
And laughs in his demon glee,

As white lips quiver, and sink in death,
In the sounding, surging sea.

Far over the gladsome, laughing world
He stretches his giant form,
And castle, and cot into dust are hurled,
In the wrath of the raging storm;
Then—silence follows his laughter loud,
And his thunderous curses die,
And he sinks to sleep on a rosy cloud,
To a low, sweet lullaby.

He spreads a couch for the dying sun,
With rainbow hues bedight,
Then over the earth he wanders on
In rays of purpling light,
He sings his song in the glens below,
Where the echoes ring afar,
And chants his hymn on the mountain's brow,
To the rising evening star.

His twilight garb is as pearly fair
As the robe of a sportive fay,
But the night-wind chants his legends rare
In a robe of sombre grey;
And glens re-echo the sob and wail
Of the moaning midnight air,
As the white moon clasps to her bosom pale
The waves of his raven hair.

He hangs his harp on the swaying boughs
Of the solemn swelling pines,
His whispering lute he softly throws
In the shining ivy vines,
He strikes the strings of his light guitar
On the leaves of a June-clad bower,
And sings like a wandering troubadour
In the ruined abbey's tower.

Many a visage, and many a tongue
Has the mocking, wayward Wind,
As the mingled fancies, at random strung
On a Poet's fitful mind;
Who rests his hopes on a Poet's heart,
A life must prepare to find,
As many visaged, and many voiced
As the shifting, wandering Wind.

ALABAMA.

L. V. F.

“The emigrant Indians, moving westward, weary and dispirited, having crossed the river, the aged Chief struck his hatchet into the trunk of a giant cypress, exclaiming, ‘Alabama! Alabama!’—*Here we rest! Here we rest!*”

O'er the rolling Chattahoochee
Came a weary cavalcade,
In the sombre autumn twilight
Toiling through the everglade;
From the silvery Savannah,
And the rushing Ockmulgee,
To a wilderness primeval
Fled the footsteps of the free.

Through the pathless thicket wending,
By the giant rocks up-piled,
Over dark ravines impending,
Rugged ramparts of the wild;
Came the Chieftain, and his people,
Belted Brave, and dusky bride,
With her dark cheek flushed with fever,
And her red lip curled with pride.

Not upon the bloody war-path,
Panoplied in paint and plume,
Spread they, like a stream of meteors
Flashing through the forest gloom;
But a spell of haggard silence
Lay upon each visage stern,
As if each his dead heart carried
In a monumental urn;
For these haughty spirits, driven

By an unrelenting fate,
Like a brood of forest eagles
Left their eyrie desolate.

All the orient is purpled
With the amethystine hue,
And the western heaven slumbers
On a bed of gold and blue;
From the somber mists dark rolling
On the bosom of the hill
Sounds the melancholy night cry
Of the lonely Whip-poor-will:
Heavily the dry canes rustle
With the yellow tinted vines,
And the wild wind-sough is sighing
Through the ever tossing pines.

Then the venerable Sachem
With his tameless soul of flame,
Gave the desert place a nation,
And the wilderness a name;
When he, turning to his warriors
Who around him closely pressed,
Broke the spell of silence, saying—
“Alabama”!—*here we rest.*

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

L. M.

“Tradition tells us that it first bloomed on Christmas Eve, to salute the birth of the Redeemer, and paid homage to His resurrection by remaining expanded until Easter. It is not a poisonous plant, and can be hung on a nail, or carried in the pocket for an indefinite time, and when moistened, will expand, and be as fresh as ever. Hence, it is also known as the ‘Resurrection Flower.’ ”

Who brings to the altar, (with blossoms gay)
A Rose of Jericho?
Born under the pale December ray,
Two thousand years ago—
To herald the dawn of a perfect day,
It bloomed, amid Christmas snow.

Fearlessly springing from chilly bed,
This flower frail and white
Has opened its heart to the wind that sped
Through the bleak midwinter night,
Till, pure and perfect, it lifts its head
In the dawning Easter light.

Who lays on the altar, this Easter day,
This flower of perfect peace?
Have ye hid its roots from your sight away,
In the ashes of slothfulness;
Bidding them molder and decay,
As your sands of life decrease?

Have ye thrown them down upon stony ground,
Where the rank and poisonous weed

The mold in its fissures dark has found,
And avarice, lust, and greed
Their snake-like tendrils clasp around
Choking the goodly seed ?

Dead, it seems—but it only sleeps—
This Resurrection flower
Deep in its heart, a life germ keeps,
Waiting the charmed hour
When He who holds it sounds the deeps
Of Love's all-potent power.

Wake, thou Sleeper ! visions lent
To slumber, are but vain ;
Work, thou Sluggard ! hours mis-spent
But yield thee years of pain ;
Work ! that thy flower of sweet content
In time, may bloom again.

Water its roots with timely showers
Of Penitence deep and true ;
Moisten its leaves and budding flowers
With Pity's sparkling dew ;
Waft soft winds from Charity's bowers
To quicken its sap anew.

Shedding his healing beams around,
Bid Love's warm sun arise ;
Child of pleasure, in earth-chains bound—
This Rose of Paradise,
Springs only out of the stony ground
Of stern self sacrifice.

LEGEND OF THE PIASA.

L. V. F.

“In descending the Mississippi river to Alton, the traveler will observe, between that town and Illinois, a narrow ravine by which a small stream pours its waters into the Mississippi. This stream is the Piasa, (pronounced Piasaw.) The name is an Indian one, and signifies ‘The bird that devours men.’ Near the mouth of that stream, on the smooth and perpendicular face of the bluff, and at an elevation which no human art could reach, is the figure of an enormous bird, with its wings extended. The bird which this figure represents was called by the Indians the Piasa, and from this, is derived the name of the stream. Not long since I visited the caves below the mouth of the Illinois river, and above that of the Piasa. My examination was principally confined to the caves connected with the tradition, as being those to which the bird had carried its human victims. The cave I most desired to enter was extremely difficult of access, and at one point I stood at an elevation of more than one hundred and fifty feet on the face of the bluff, with barely room to sustain one foot; the unbroken wall towered above me, while below me rolled the river. After long and perilous clambering, we at length reached the cavern. The roof was vaulted, hardly less than twenty-five feet in height, the shape was irregular, and the floor throughout the whole extent, was a mass of human bones, skulls, etc., mingled together in the utmost confusion. To what depth they extended I am unable to say, but we dug to the depth of three or four feet in various parts of the cavern, and still we found nothing but bones. The remains of thousands must have been deposited there; how, by whom, or for what purpose, I must leave for wiser heads to determine.”

As when, through the midnight, a bell slowly toll-
ing,
Leaves mournful vibrations to chime in our ears,

Wild tales of the by-gone, and buried, come rolling,
Adown the long lapses—the darkness of years.
What though the grey Genius of Gloom, sable-
hooded,
Hath sat by their grave-stones, and shrouded
them long;
Though the dusk wing of Silence above them hath
brooded,
And their names are forgot by the Children of
Song?

List! now a wild legend of ages Titanic
When Mound-builders peopled the valleys of
yore—
Their great tribes were wasted in peril and panic,
By a Spirit of Evil, that haunted the shore.
In a far away time, ere the stormy Atlantic
Had wafted the Pale-face to this pleasant land
When the megalonyx, and mammoth gigantic
Roamed free in the forest, and slept on the strand.

'Mid the hills of the Northland, a region enchanted
Lay where the Missouri and Great River meet,
And the bright Illinois by a Horror was haunted,
Till the haughtiest red man bowed low at its feet;
Like some mighty Cormorant—some giant Condor,
From a deep "outer darkness," it fled to this shore,
And oft the bold chieftains in council would ponder,
Death—death to this Phantom of gloom and of
gore.

In the flash of the lightning, his eye was reflected,
In rapine and ravage he buried his beak;
In his hunger for blood was the ghoul-soul detected,
And lost spirits echoed his death-telling shriek,
On the mist shrouded cliff was his terrible dwelling,
Where the wild wastes of waters incessantly rave,
And e'en when above it the midnight was knelling,
The Piasa's shadow fell black on the wave!

He blent his keen shriek with the roar of the water,
He dipped his black plumes in the dash of the
spray,
And swept from his pinion the red stain of slaughter
Where the earth-rocking cataract foams on its
way.

When the tempest rode up on the clouds of the
even,
He met it afar in the wind shaken dome,
Down plunging at speed with the deep striking
levin,
And resting his wing in the Thunderer's home.

The brave Illinois oft had dared him to battle,
But their flint-headed arrows fell harmless as hail,
When the tiny white ice drops but quiver and rattle
O'er casings of iron, and platings of mail.
The cold crashing hatchet, the point-poisoned lan-
ces,
Struck off from his plumage as water drops glide
From the breast of the swan, when the blue lakelet
dances
Around her white bosom, and soft swelling side.

Like a demon, the Garagay wasted the nations,
Their chieftains, their children, were swept from
the plain;
The people grew maddened with wrongs and impa-
tience,
And prayed for a Savior, yet prayed they in vain!
Their day had gone down like a pale captive, droop-
ing
To the red fires of sunset, and died in their glow,
And shadows came on, as the night wolves come
trooping
With long hungered gallop o'er deserts of snow.

Lone, lone was the night in each death-leagured vil-
lage;
No shelter availed them, for each passing day
The monster swept down on his errands of pillage,
And his talons were bathed in the blood of his
prey:
The wail of the people grew 'wildered and weary,
Deep grief woke the saddest of soul symphonies,
Oh! well may the strain be a wild miserere,
When *Death* is the player, and *hearts* are the keys.

As the sun-god looks forth when the Orient is burn-
ing
And flashes the glories of light o'er the land,
The great Owatoga from war-paths returning,

Cried—"Rouse ye, bold chieftains—the Day is at
hand!"
His form rose aloft, like the pillared palmetto,
His light limbs were pliant, and polished as steel,
His frame bore the brand of no festering fetter,
His soul hid no thought which he dared not reveal.

On war-paths, a warrior watchful and wary,
His fleet foot had measured the Great River's
source,
He sat like a statue, the steed of the prairie,
When dashing along in his turbulent course.
The hills of the Northland a warrior braver
Ne'er called to the council, or sent to the strife,
His great deeds had won him the Manitou's favor,
And he came, for his people, to peril his life.

For a space of a moon, in the valley he fasted,
Up the arches of midnight resounded his prayer,
That the Master of Life, on this people so wasted
Would look down in pity, and make them his care.
On the last fearful night of that watch in the forest
The Great Spirit spoke to the Chief in the wind,
And, promising succor when need was the sorest,
Said—"Thou—thou shalt save them, although
they have sinned!"

Then forth to his tribe, bearing light on his visage,
Strode out Owatoga—his mission was told,
'Mid loud acclamation, and many a prestage
Of victory, hailing the gallant and bold.
Then twenty tried warriors straight he selected,
Each bearing white arrows with plumes tufted
o'er,
(Such weapons the Master of Life had directed
To drink the dark blood of this Phantom of gore.)

In secret and silence his band then he musters;
Where rich vines curl upward their emerald spray,
Their flint-heads are pointed through deep ivy
clusters
To pierce him the moment he seizes his prey.
Then brave Owatoga stood forth as the victim—
So true in the council, in battle so tried—
The people rushed forward to shield and protect
him,
He warned them of danger, and waved them aside.

Then drawing his form to its loftiest stature,
 He breathed to the Master, a low murmured
 prayer,
 A radiant brilliancy brightened each feature,
 And clearly his death song arose on the air.
 The black Machinnitto, far over the river
 With eye-balls red blazing, glared out on his prey,
 A moment his sable plumes rustle and quiver,
 His eye flames with vengeance—he speeds on his
 way.

Swift—swifter, and stronger, his pinions sweep on-
 ward,
 Oh ! noble young victim, prepare for the worst !
 His red beak yawns open—his dread swoop is down-
 ward,
 They hear the fiend heart throb with passions
 accurst ;
 Loud thunders his pinion—his talons he gathers
 To strike at the heart of the hero—’tis o’er—
 Ha ! the twanging of bow strings—the snow tufted
 feathers,
 Of twenty white arrows are dyed in his gore !

Then wild shouts of welcome upsurging from de-
 mons
 That hide in the ghoul-haunted regions of woe
 Rose dread on the air—at the terrible summons
 The fiend-soul fled outward—the black corse lay
 low.
 But the great Owatoga stood dauntless before them,
 Nor arrow, nor talon his blood had revealed ;
 For the Master of Life, in his mercy, held o’er him
 The gold-woven sunshine’s invisible shield.

To mark out the spot where this fierce demon vul-
 ture
 Had dwelt in the rock cavern’s battlements grey,
 And victims he chose for the bloody sepulture
 Of thousands on thousands—his innocent prey ;
 The good spirits came, and with sable emblazon
 Engraved his black image far up the lone height,
 That the red man forever, might reverently gaze on
 This work of the Master—and trust in His might.

WE TWO.

L. M.

Bleak and barren, dark and dreary,
Beat the waves on sullen shore ;
Grey and goblin, weird and weary
Hang the leaden curtains o'er ;
Wind and wave, with voices eerie,
Wail the death-dirge—"never more !"

Lost, and aimlessly we wander,
With a dreary, ceaseless pain,
Dull with cold, and faint with hunger,
Whispering feeble prayers in vain,
For the warmth, and light, and shelter,
Which we ne'er shall know again.

Swiftly o'er the waters flying,
Shoots a tiny scallop shell,
And a bright and shining Presence
Guides it through the ebb and swell ;
Silent—signs for us to enter,
Silent—yield we to the spell.

Swift, the tiny shallop turning,
To the breeze her sails unfurl ;
Purpling billows, diamond crested,
Over rosy wavelets curl,
Chasing on like joyous children,
Over beds of purest pearl.

Crimson, purple, pearl, and golden
Sunset clouds above us swing,
And from out their downy bosoms

Viewless hands are scattering
Roses, violets and lilies,
Laden with the breath of spring.

Brightly, through the cloudless ether,
Shines the gleaming, golden strand
Of the shore to which we're hasting,
Glowing like a fairy land ;
Radiant shapes upon its margin
Lure us on with beckoning hand.

Stately palaces of crystal
In the sunlight gleam and shine,
Garlands sweet, of rarest flowers
Round their massive pillars twine,
Countless forms are gliding through them,
Clothed with radiance divine.

Tiny cottages are peeping
Through the trees, like snow-white doves,
And around them, happy beings
Roam through ever verdant groves,
Murmuring, with arms entwining,
Fairy tales, of faithful loves.

Pearl and rosy crested billows
Bear us swift, their bosoms o'er ;
Now, the boat and Guide have left us,
Vanished—to return no more ;
And we stand amid the blooming
Gardens of the "other shore."

Radiant beings come to greet us,
Shining wings around us sweep,
And in light, and love, and gladness
Soul and senses softly steep—
Thus my golden vision passes
Into peaceful, dreamless sleep.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FOR THE ROSES OF MELROSE, BY L. V. F.

“Lovingly dedicated to the Misses Narcissa and Cynthia Pillow Saunders, of Melrose, near Nashville, Tennessee.”

We have Beauty of the Bower, we have Queen and
gay Coquette,
And that pure and pallid flower, called the Wood-
land Margaret.

We have roses of Damascus, we have roses of Cash-
mere,

E'en to name them all would task us—but the roses
without peer,

Roses like to those of Eden's-land, where spring
eternal glows,

Are two rare and radiant maidens—lovely Roses of
Melrose.

Oh ! lovely is the rose that blooms, upon the cliff's
grey side,

The wild red-rose of summer-time, the stately Kal-
mia's bride.

And lovely is St. Mary's flower, which villagers have
styled

The Christmas rose, so frail and fair, December's
lonely child ;

But brighter than the sheen of one, and purer than
the snows,

That gem the other—are my twain, sweet Roses of
Melrose.

They're climbing now the purple stair of girl-hood's
golden day,

The air is full of bird-songs, and the sky is fraught
with May,
Entranced in gorgeous dreaming, flushing with a
fairy bloom,
Is the life around them gleaming, with its sunshine
and perfume.
Through an ever verdant valley their happy life-
tide flows,
And they rest there in their beauty—twin Roses of
Melrose.

Be they silent, be they songful, still your heart will
linger yet,
There's a glamour in those brilliant eyes, that dares
you to forget ;
There's a magic in their voices, like bird-notes
breathing over
Far stretching fragrant emerald waves of fresh bee-
haunted clover,
The lark upon the cloud above, would fold his wings
so brown
To list that gay heart-carol, so much richer than
his own ;
For voices like gay music, with a minor key's soft
close,
Have those chosen buds of beauty—our Roses of
Melrose.

As beneath the mother pinions nestled, guarded
from all pain,
The young bird sits and listens to the rushing of
the rain,
So they harken to the tumult of the outer world be-
yond
As the tempest-laden waters in the distance thun-
der on ;
But soft as on the bosom of an open azure sea
Wafted by the balmy spice-wind, sailing buoyantly
and free,
Sweep the life-barques of the Sisters, and in beauti-
ful repose,
Sleep the world-tides all around them—gentle Roses
of Melrose.

Be happy ! rock your fairy boat, on Time's enchant-
ed bay,

Where every care dissolving floats, in shadowy
mists away ;
Where passing seasons, year by year, shall weave a
chiming spell,
Like blending soft of mermaid song, and mellow
Triton shell.
And when you reach that Thither shore, the Better-
land afar,
Clear as the silver shining coast of some far rising
star,
May kindly angels o'er the sea whose limit no one
knows,
Bear safely to eternal heavens—the Roses of Mel-
rose.

On this grandly glorious morning, blessed above all
other morns,
As the natal day of Him who wore the cruel crown
of thorns,
All my heart is full of murmurs, as when bells have
ceased to toll
Still their soft vibrations linger in the temple of the
soul.
All the earth is crowned with glory, and her mighty
voice astir,
Speaks of Christ the King and Savior, of the Cross
and Sepulchre ;
Then I look beyond earth's shadows, where the sea
of crystal glows,
Round the great white throne of Jesus—and a ten-
der prayer out-flows.
That golden gates of Paradise, may one day all un-
close,
And in God's eternal Eden bloom, my Roses of
Melrose.

NEXT YEAR.

L. V. F.

The lark is singing gaily in the meadow,
The sun is rising o'er the far blue hills;
But she is gone, the music of whose talking
Was sweeter than the song of summer rills.
Sometimes I see the blue bells blooming in the
forest,
And think of her blue eyes;
Sometimes I hear the rustle of her garments—
'Tis but the wind's low sighs.

I see the sunlight trail along the orchard,
And fall, in thought, to tangling up her hair;
And sometimes, round the sinless lips of childhood,
Breaks forth a smile, such as she used to wear:
But never any pleasant thing around, above us
Seems to me like her love;
More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten
o'er us,
More constant than the dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning,
She meets me not on any summer eve;
But once at night, I heard a low voice calling—
"Oh! faithful friend—thou hast not long to
grieve!"
Next year, when larks are singing in the meadow,
I shall not hear their tone;
But she, in that dim, far-off country of the stranger,
Shall walk no more alone.

ONLY ONE.

L. M.

“Only one!” the winds are moaning,
“Only one!” the woodlands sigh,
“Only one!” the waves intoning,
“Only one!” the stars reply:
Easter lilies pale and shiver
In the struggling April sun,
Pallid moonbeams wane and quiver,
Whispering sadly—“only one!”

Every bush and tree is swaying
With the sorrow-laden tone,
Every bird and bee is saying
“One is here—and one is gone!”
Every running stream is telling
Out its weary monotone,
Every bud to blossom swelling,
Mutely answers—“only one!”

Every mission meek and lowly,
Where two wrought in days of yore,
Every purpose high and holy,
Mourns its helper—gone before;
Every pure and fair creation
In a poet’s brain begun,
Lacks its soul and inspiration,
Droops, and falters—“only one!”

Faint and far, a pleading whisper
Blends with bird, and breeze, and bee—
Shall I go to you, my Sister,
Since you come not back to me?
Will the great and loving Giver
Grant us choicest benison,
And beyond the shining river,
Blend our spirits—only one?

NOTES.

Page 114. Note *. "E ya-sho" signifies "the home of a people that are gone" or lost.

Note †. "Kee-chin-ja-shu" "the gift of the Great Spirit."

Page 116. Note *. "We-wun"—wife.

Page 142. Note *. "Outalissa"—Hummingbird.

Page 143. Note †. "Segondaa"—The Brave chief. Note ‡. "Kanozid"—The Tall chief.

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